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Some Funny Things:

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MARK TWAIN

AND

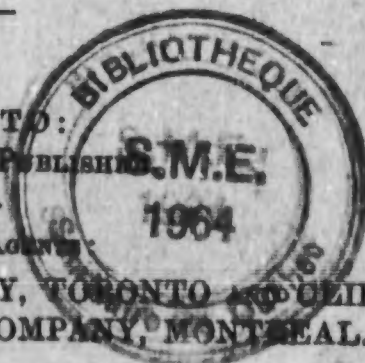
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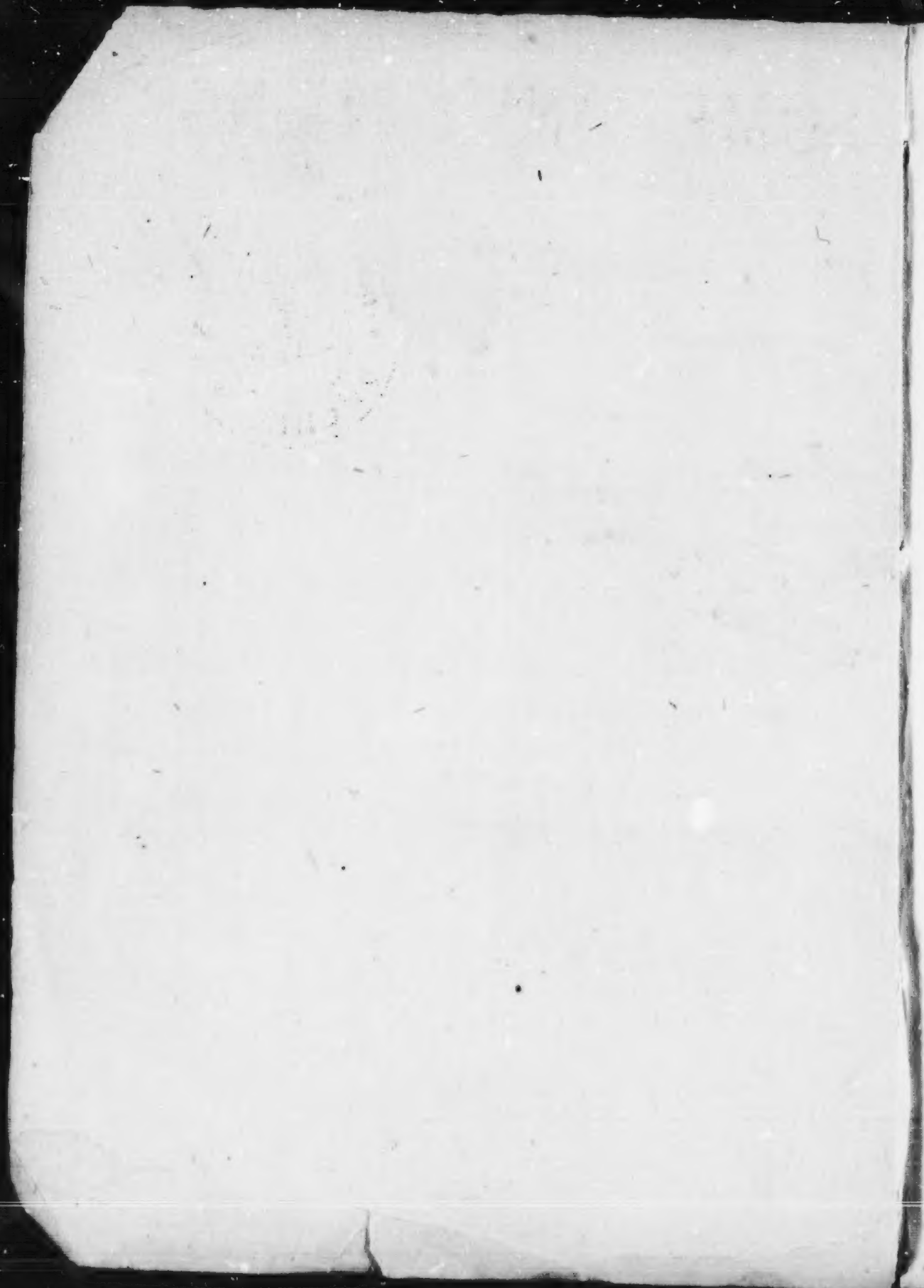
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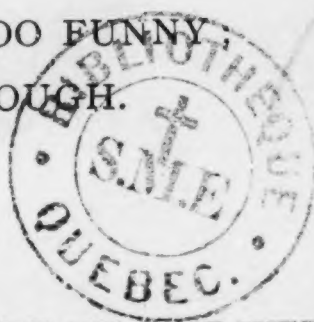
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SOME FUNNY THINGS.

VERY FUNNY; NOT TOO FUNNY.
JUST FUNNY ENOUGH.



CAREFUL SELECTION OF THE FRESHEST AND BEST SKETCHES

BY

MARK TWAIN,

The Detroit Free Press Man, The Burlington
Hawkeye Man, The Norristown Herald
Man, The Galveston News Man,

AND OTHER WELL KNOWN FUNNY MEN.

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SOME FINE THINGS

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SOME FUNNY THINGS,

BY MARK TWAIN,

AND OTHER FUNNY MEN.

EDWARD MILLS AND GEORGE BENTON: A TALE.

These two were distantly related to each other, — seventh cousins, or something of that sort. While still babies they became orphans, and were adopted by the Brants, a childless couple, who quickly grew very fond of them. The Brants were always saying, “Be pure, honest, sober, industrious, and considerate of others, and success in life is assured.” The children heard this repeated some thousands of times before they understood it; they could repeat it themselves long before they could say the Lord’s Prayer; it was painted over the nursery door, and was about the first thing they learned to read. It was destined to become the unswerving rule of Edward Mills’s life. Sometimes the Brants changed the wording a little, and said, “Be pure, honest, sober, industrious, considerate, and you will never lack friends.”

Baby Mills was a comfort to everybody about him. When he wanted candy and could not have it, he listened to reason, and contented himself without it. When Baby Benton wanted candy, he cried for it until he got it. Baby Mills took care of his toys; Baby Benton always destroyed his in a very brief time, and then made himself so insistently disagreeable that, in order to have peace in the house, little Edward was persuaded to yield up his playthings to him.

When the children were a little older, Georgie became a heavy expense in one respect; he took no care of his clothes; consequently, he shone frequently in new ones, which was not the case with Eddie. The boys grew apace. Eddie was an increasing comfort, Georgie an increasing solicitude. It was always sufficient to say, in answer to Eddie’s petitions, “I would rather you

would not do it,"—meaning swimming, skating, picnicking, berrying, circusing, and all sorts of things which boys delight in. But no answer was sufficient for Georgie; he had to be humoured in his desires, or he would carry them with a high hand. Naturally, no boy got more swimming, skating, berrying, and so forth than he; no boy ever had a better time. The good Brants did not allow the boys to play out after nine in summer evenings; they were sent to bed at that hour; Eddie honorably remained, but Georgie usually slipped out of the window towards ten, and enjoyed himself till midnight. It seemed impossible to break Georgie of this bad habit, but the Brants managed it at last by hiring him, with apples and marbles, to stay in. The good Brants gave all their time and attention to vain endeavors to regulate Georgie; they said, with grateful tears in their eyes, that Eddie needed no efforts of theirs, he was so good, so considerate, and in all ways so perfect.

By and by the boys were big enough to work, so they were apprenticed to a trade: Edward went voluntarily; George was coaxed and bribed. Edward worked hard and faithfully, and ceased to be an expense to the good Brants; they praised him, so did his master; but George ran away, and it cost Mr. Brant both money and trouble to hunt him up and get him back. By and by he ran away again,—more money and more trouble. He ran away a third time,—and stole a few things to carry with him. Trouble and expense for Mr. Brant once more; and, besides, it was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in persuading the master to let the youth go unprosecuted for the theft.

Edward worked steadily along, and in time became a full partner in his master's business. George did not improve; he kept the loving hearts of his aged benefactors full of trouble, and their hands full of inventive activities to protect him from ruin. Edward, as a boy, had interested himself in Sunday schools, debating societies, penny missionary affairs, anti-tobacco organizations, anti-profanity associations, and all such things; as a man, he was a quiet but steady and reliable helper in the church, the temperance societies, and in all movements looking to the aiding and uplifting of men. This excited no remark; attracted no attention,—for it was his "natural bent."

Finally, the old people died. The will testified their loving pride in Edward, and left their little property to George,—because he "needed it;" whereas, "owing to a bountiful Providence,"

such was not the case with Edward. The property was left to George conditionally: he must buy out Edward's partner with it; else it must go to a benevolent organization called the Prisoner's Friend Society. The old people left a letter, in which they begged their dear son Edward to take their place and watch over George, and help and shield him as they had done.

Edward dutifully acquiesced, and George became his partner in the business. He was not a valuable partner: he had been meddling with drink before; he soon developed into a constant tippler, now, and his flesh and eyes showed the fact unpleasantly. Edward had been courting a sweet and kindly spirited girl for some time. They loved each other dearly, and — But about this period George began to haunt her tearfully and imploringly, and at last she went crying to Edward, and said her high and holy duty was plain before her,—she must not let her own selfish desires interfere with it: she must marry "poor George" and "reform him." It would break her heart, she knew it would, and so on; but duty was duty. So she married George, and Edward's heart came very near breaking, as well as her own. However, Edward recovered, and married another girl, — a very excellent one she was too.

Children came, to both families. Mary did her honest best to reform her husband, but the contract was too large. George went on drinking, and by and by he fell to misusing her and the little ones sadly. A great many good people strove with George, — they were always at it, in fact,—but he calmly took such efforts as his due and their duty, and did not mend his ways. He added a vice, presently,—that of secret gambling. He got deeply in debt; he borrowed money on the firm's credit, as quietly as he could, and carried this system so far and so successfully that one morning the sheriff took possession of the establishment, and the two cousins found themselves penniless.

Times were hard, now, and they grew worse. Edward moved his family into a garret, and walked the streets day and night, seeking work. He begged for it, but it was really not to be had. He was astonished to see how soon his face became unwelcome; he was astonished and hurt to see how quickly the ancient interest which people had had in him faded out and disappeared. Still, he *must* get work; so he swallowed his chagrin, and toiled on in search of it. At last he got a job of carrying bricks up a ladder in a hod, and was a grateful man in consequence; but

after that *nobody* knew him or cared anything about him. He was not able to keep up his dues in the various moral organizations to which he belonged, and had to endure the sharp pain of seeing himself brought under the disgrace of suspension.

But the faster Edward died out of public knowledge and interest, the faster George rose in them. He was found lying, ragged and drunk, in the gutter, one morning. A member of the Ladies' Temperance Refuge fished him out, took him in hand, got up a subscription for him, kept him sober a whole week, then got a situation for him. An account of it was published.

General attention was thus drawn to the poor fellow, and a great many people came forward, and helped him toward reform with their countenance and encouragement. He did not drink a drop for two months, and meantime was the pet of the good. Then he fell,—in the gutter; and there was general sorrow and lamentation. But the noble sisterhood rescued him again. They cleaned him up, they fed him, they listened to the mournful music of his repentances, they got him his situation again. An account of this, also, was published, and the town was drowned in happy tears over the re-restoration of the poor beset and struggling victim of the fatal bowl. A grand temperance revival was got up, and after some rousing speeches had been made the chairman said impressively, "We are now about to call for signers; and I think there is a spectacle in store for you which not many in this house will be able to view with dry eyes." There was an eloquent pause, and then George Benton, escorted by a red-sashed detachment of the Ladies of the Refuge, stepped forward upon the platform and signed the pledge. The air was rent with applause, and everybody cried for joy. Everybody wrung the hand of the new convert when the meeting was over; his salary was enlarged next day; he was the talk of the town, and its hero. An account of it was published.

George Benton fell, regularly, every three months, but was faithfully rescued and wrought with, every time, and good situations were found for him. Finally, he was taken around the country lecturing, as a reformed drunkard, and he had great houses and did an immense amount of good.

He was so popular at home, and so trusted,—during his sober intervals,—that he was enabled to use the name of a principal citizen, and get a large sum of money at the bank. A mighty pressure was brought to bear to save him from the consequences

of his forgery, and it was partially successful,—he was “sent up” for only two years. When, at the end of a year, the tireless efforts of the benevolent were crowned with success, and he emerged from the penitentiary with a pardon in his pocket, the Prisoner’s Friend Society met him at the door with a situation and a comfortable salary, and all the other benevolent people came forward and gave him advice, encouragement, and help. Edward Mills had once applied to the Prisoner’s Friend Society for a situation, when in dire need, but the question “Have you been a prisoner?” made brief work of his case.

While all these things were going on, Edward Mills had been quietly making head against adversity. He was still poor, but was in receipt of a steady and sufficient salary, as the respected and trusted cashier of a bank. George Benton never came near him, and was never heard to enquire about him. George got to indulging in long absences from the town; there were ill reports about him, but nothing definite.

One winter’s night some masked burglars forced their way into the bank, and found Edward Mills there alone. They commanded him to reveal the “combination,” so that they could get into the safe. He refused. They threatened his life. He said his employers trusted him, and he could not be a traitor to that trust. He could die, if he must, but while he lived he would be faithful; he would not yield up the “combination.” The burglars killed him.

The detectives hunted down the criminals; the chief one proved to be George Benton. A wide sympathy was felt for the widow and orphans of the dead man, and all the newspapers in the land begged that all the banks in the land would testify their appreciation of the fidelity and heroism of the murdered cashier by coming forward with a generous contribution of money in aid of his family, now bereft of support. The result was a mass of solid cash amounting to upwards of five hundred dollars,—an average of nearly three eighths of a cent for each bank in the Union. The cashier’s own bank testified its gratitude by endeavoring to show (but humiliatingly failed in it) that the peerless servant’s accounts were not square, and that he himself had knocked his brains out with a bludgeon to escape detection and punishment.

George Benton was arraigned for trial. Then everybody seemed to forget the widow and orphans in their solicitude for poor

George. Everything that money and influence could do was done to save him, but it all failed; he was sentenced to death. Straightway the governor was besieged with petitions for commutation or pardon: they were brought by tearful young girls; by sorrowful old maids; by deputations of pathetic widows; by shoals of impressive orphans. But no, the governor—for once—would not yield,

Now George Benton experienced religion. The glad news flew all around. From that time forth his cell was always full of girls and women and fresh flowers; all the day long there was prayer; and hymn-singing, and thanksgivings, and homilies, and tears, with never an interruption, except an occasional five-minute intermission for refreshments.

This sort of thing continued up to the very gallows, and George Benton went proudly home, in the black cap, before a wailing audience of the sweetest and best that the region could produce. His grave had fresh flowers on it every day, for a while, and the headstone bore these words, under a hand pointing aloft: "He has fought the good fight."

The brave cashier's head-stone has this inscription: "Be pure, honest, sober, industrious, considerate, and you will never

Nobody knows who gave the order to leave it that way, but it was so given.

The cashier's family are in stringent circumstances, now, it is said; but no matter; a lot of appreciative people, who were not willing that an act so brave and true as his should go unrewarded, have collected forty-two thousand dollars—and built a Memorial Church with it.

Mark Twain.

MRS. McWILLIAMS AND THE LIGHTNING.

WELL, sir,—continued Mr. McWilliams, for this was not the beginning of his talk,—the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmities a human being can be afflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you find it in a little dog, and sometimes in a man. It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason that it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be reasoned

with, and neither can it be shamed out of a person. A woman who could face the very devil himself—or a mouse—loses her grip and goes all to pieces in front of a flash of lightning. Her fright is something pitiful to see.

Well, as I was telling you, I woke up with that smothered and unlocatable cry of "Mortimer, Mortimer!" wailing in my ears; and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said,—

"Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?"

"Shut up in the bed-closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, and such an awful storm going on."

"Why, how *can* one be ashamed when he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man *can't* be ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline."

"You never try, Mortimer,—you know very well you never try."

I caught the sound of muffled sobs.

That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it to—

"I'm sorry, dear,—I'm truly sorry. I never meant to act so. Come back and"—

"MORTIMER!"

"Heavens! what is the matter, my love?"

"Don't you mean to say you are in that bed yet?"

"Why, of course."

"Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some *little* care of your life, for *my* sake and the children's, if you will not for your own."

"But my love"—

"Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You *know* there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunder storm as this,—all the books say that; yet there you would lie, and deliberately throw away your life,—for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing and arguing, and"—

"But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm *not* in the bed, *now*. I'm."—

[Sentence interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from Mrs. McWilliams and a tremendous blast of thunder.]

"There! You see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how *can* you be so profligate as to swear at such a time as this?"

"I didn't swear. And that *wasn't* a result of it, any way. It would have come, just the same, if I hadn't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline,—at least you ought to know,—that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity"—

"Oh, yes, now argue it, and argue it, and argue it!—I don't see how you can act so, when you *know* there is not a lightning rod on the place, and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What *are* you doing?—lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark mad?"

"Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel, and"—

"Put it out! put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all? You *know* there is nothing attracts lightning like a light. [*Fzt!—crash! boom—boloom-boom-boom!*] Oh, just hear it! Now you see what you've done!"

"No, I *don't* see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it *don't* *cause* lightning,—I'll go odds on that. And it didn't attract it worth a cent this time; for if that shot was levelled at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship,—about an average of none out of a possible million, I should say. Why, at Dollymount, such marksmanship as that!"

"For shame, Mortimer! Here we are standing right in the very presence of death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. If you have no desire to—Mortimer!"

"Well?"

"Did you say your prayers to-night?"

"I—I—meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and"—

[*Fzt!—boom-berrroom-boom! hubble-umble bang-SMASH.*]

"Oh, we are lost, beyond all help! How *could* you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?"

"But it *wasn't* 'such a time as this.' There wasn't a cloud in the sky. How could I know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? And I don't think it's just fair for you to make so much out of it, anyway, seeing it happens so seldom; I have n't missed before since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago."

"MORTIMER! How you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow fever?"

"My dear, you are always throwing up the yellow fever to me,

and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. You can't even send a telegraphic message as far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far? I'll stand the earthquake, because it was in the neighborhood; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be responsible for every blamed"—

[*Fzt* —BOOM *beroom*-boom! boom!—BANG!]

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! I *know* it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember, when we are gone, that your dreadful language—*Mortimer!*"

"WELL! What now?"

"Your voice sounds as if— Mortimer, are you actually standing in front of that open fire-place?"

"That is the very crime I am committing."

"Get away from it, this moment. You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you *know* that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? Now where have you got to?"

"I'm here by the window."

"Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there this moment. The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder-storm. Dear, dear, I know I shall never see the light of another day. Mortimer?"

"Yes?"

"What is that rustling?"

"It's me."

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons."

"Quick! Throw those things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that *all* authorities agree that woollen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it isn't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, *don't* sing! What *can* you be thinking of?"

"Now where's the harm in it?"

"Mortimer, if I have told you once, I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and— What on *earth* are you opening that door for?"

' Goodness gracious woman, is there any harm in *that* ?'

"Harm? There's death in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You have n't shut it; shut it *tight*,—and do hurry or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what are you doing?"

"Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and close. I want to bathe my face and hands."

"You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that—Mortimer, what was that?"

"It was a da—it was a picture. Knocked it down."

"Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you *know* that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked. And your family in such peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked you to do?"

"No. Forgot it."

"Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed, now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here,—come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions."

I tried, but the closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped a while, and then forced my way out. My wife called out—

"Mortimer, something must be done for your preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantle-piece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it."

I got the book,—at cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out,—

"Mortimer, what was that?"

"Nothing but the cat."

"The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her, and shut her up in the wash-stand. Do be quick love; cats are full of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils."

I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that, I should

not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

However I went at my task,—over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges,—and at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet :—

"It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated, with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [*Fzt! boom--bang!—smash*] Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck."

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four,—broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Während eines Gewitters entferne man Metalle, wie z. B., Ringe, Uhren, Schlüssel, etc., von sich und halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen auf, wo viele Metalle lie einander liegen, oder mit andern Körpern verbunden sind, wie an Herden, Oefen, Eisengittern u. dgl.' What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals *about* you, or keep them *away* from you?"

"Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advice is more or less mixed. However, I think that sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a little genitive and accusative sifted in, here and there, for luck; so I reckon it means that you must keep some metals *about* you."

"Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning-rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal."

I got it and put it on,—a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night-dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

"Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?"

I complied.

"Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs."

I did it,—in silence,—and kept my temper as well as I could.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Das Gewitter lauten ist sehr gefährlich, weil die Glocke selbst, sowie der durch das Lauten veranlasste

Luftzug und die Hohe des Thurmes den Blitz anziehen konnten'. Mortimer, does that mean that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunder-storm?"

"Yes, it seems to mean that,—if that is the past participle of the nominative case singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think it means that on account of the height of the church tower and the absence of *Luftzug* it would be very dangerous (*sehr gefährlich*) not to ring the bells in time of a storm; and moreover, don't you see, the very wording"—

"Never mind that, Mortimer; don't waste the precious time in talk. Get the large dinner-bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved, at last!"

Our little summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farm-houses are in our neighborhood,—the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from without, and a brilliant bull's-eye lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry:—

"What in the nation is the matter here?"

The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my night-dress and my warlike accoutrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said,—

"There is nothing the matter, friend,—only a little discomfort on account of the thunder-storm. I was trying to keep off the lightning."

"Thunder-storm? Lightning? Why, Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night; there has been no storm."

I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for a while. Then I said,—

"I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder."

One after another those people lay down on the ground to laugh,—and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked,—

"Pity you didn't think to open your blinds and look over to

the top of the high hill yonder. What you heard was cannon ; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight : Garfield's nominated,—and that's what's the matter !"

Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning (said Mr. McWilliams), the rules for preserving people against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me, is how anybody ever manages to get struck.

So saying, he gathered up his satchel and umbrella, and departed ; for the train had reached his town.

Mark Twain.

A TELEPHONIC CONVERSATION.

I consider that a conversation by telephone—when you are simply sitting by and not taking any part in that conversation—is one of the solemnest curiosities of this modern life. Yesterday I was writing a deep article on a sublime philosophical subject while such a conversation was going on in the room. I notice that one can always write best when somebody is talking through a telephone close by. Well, the thing began in this way. A member of our household came in and asked me to have our house put into communication with Mr. Bagley's, down town. I have observed, in many cities, that the sex always shrinks from calling up the central office themselves. I don't know why, but they do. So I touched the bell and this talk ensued :—

Central Office. [Gruffly.] Hello!

I. Is it the Central Office?

C. O. Of course it is. What do you want?

I. Will you switch me on to Bagleys, please?

C. O. All right. Just keep your ear to the telephone.

Then I heard, *k-look k-look k'look—klook-klook-klook-look-look!* then a horrible "gritting" of teeth, and, finally a piping female voice: Y-e-s? [Rising inflection.] Did you wish to speak to me?"

Without answering, I handed the telephone to the applicant, and sat down. Then followed that queerest of all queer things in this world—a conversation with only one end to it. You hear

questions asked ; you don't hear the answer. You hear invitations given ; you hear no thanks in return. You have listening pauses of dead silence, followed by apparently irrelevant and unjustifiable exclamations of glad surprise, or sorrow or dismay. You can't make head or tail of the talk, because you never hear anything that the person at the other end of the wire says. Well, I heard the following remarkable series of observations, all from the one tongue, and all shouted,—for you can't ever persuade the sex to speak gently into a telephone :—

Yes ? Why, how did *that* happen ?

Pause.

What did you say ?

Pause.

Oh, no, I don't think it was.

Pause.

No ! Oh, no, I didn't mean *that*. I meant, put it in while it is still boiling,—or just before it *comes* to a boil.

Pause.

WHAT ?

Pause.

I turned it over with a back stitch on the salvage edge.

Pause.

Yes, I like that way too ; but I think it's better to baste it on with Valenciennes or bombazine, or something of that sort. It gives it such an air,—and attracts so much notice.

Pause.

It's forty-ninth Deuteronomy, sixty-fourth to ninety-seventh inclusive. I think we ought to read it often.

Pause.

Perhaps so ; I generally use a hair-pin.

Pause.

What did you say ? [*aside*] Children, do be quiet !

Pause.

Oh ! B *flat* ! Dear me, I thought you said it was the cat !

Pause.

Since *when* ?

Pause.

Why, I never heard of it.

Pause.

You astound me ! It seems utterly impossible !

Pause.

Who did?

Pause.

Good-ness gracious!

Pause.

Well, what is this world coming to? Was it right in *church*?

Pause.

And was her *mother* there?

Pause.

Why, Mrs. Bagley, I should have died of humiliation! What did they *do*?

Long pause.

I can't be perfectly sure, because I have n't the notes by me; but I think it goes something like this: te-rolly-loll loll lolly-loll-loll, O tolly-loll-loll-lee-ly-li-i-do! And then *repeat*, you know.

Pause.

Yes, I think it is very sweet,—and very solemn and impressive, if you get the *andantino* and the *pianissimo* right.

Pause.

Oh, gum drops, gum drops! But I never allow them to eat stripped candy. And of course they *can't* till they get their teeth any way.

Pause.

What?

Pause.

Oh, not in the least,—go right on. He's here writing,—it doesn't bother *him*.

Pause.

Very well, I'll come if I can. [*Aside.*] Dear me, how it does tire a person's arm to hold this thing up so long! I wish she'd—

Pause.

Oh, no, not at all; I *like* to talk,—but I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your affairs.

Pause.

Visitors?

Pause.

No, we never use butter on them.

Pause.

Yes, that is a very good way; but all the cook-books say they are very unhealthy when they are out of season. And *he* doesn't like them, any way,—especially canned.

Pause.

Oh, I think that is too high for them ; we have never paid over fifty cents a bunch.

Pause.

Must you go ? Well, *good-by*.

Pause.

Yes, I think so. *Good-by*.

Pause.

Four o'clock, then—I'll be ready. *Good-by*.

Pause.

Thank you ever so much. *Good-by*.

Pause.

Oh, not at all !—just as fresh—*Which* ? Oh, I'm glad to hear you say that. *Good-by*.

[Hangs up the telephone and says, " Oh, it *does* tire a person's arm so ! "]

A man delivers a single brutal " Good-by," and that is the end of it. Not so with the gentle sex,—I say it in their praise ; they cannot abide abruptness.

—Mark Twain.

THAT DECEIVING HAMMOCK.

" I've been a fool ! " growled Harper, yesterday, as he untied a parcel in his front yard and shook out a new hammock. " Here I've been lopping around all through this infernal hot spell when I might just as well have been swinging in a hammock and had my blistered back cooled off by the breezes."

Any one can put up a hammock. All you've got to do is to untie about five hundred knots, unravel about five hundred snarls, and work over the thing until you can tell whether the opened side was meant to go up or down. This puzzled Harper for full twenty minutes, but he finally got it right and fastened the two ends to two convenient trees.

Then he took off his hat and coat and rolled in with a great sigh of relief. No, he didn't quite roll in. He was all ready to, when the hammock walked away from him, and he rolled over on the grass and came to a stop with a croquet ball under the small of his back.

" Did you mean to do that ? " called a boy who was looking over the fence and slowly chewing away on green apples.

"Did I? Of course I did! Git down off'n that fence or I'll call a policeman!"

The boy slid down and Harper brought up a lawn chair for the next move. It's the easiest thing in the world to drop off a chair into a hammock. Lots of men would be willing to do it on a salary of \$10 per week. The trouble with Harper was that he didn't drop all his body at once. The upper half got into the hammock all right, but the lower half kicked and thrashed around on the grass until the small boy, who didn't mean to leave the neighborhood until the show was out, felt called upon to exclaim:

"You can't turn a handspring with your head all wound up in that ere net, and I'll bet money on it!"

Harper suddenly rested from his labors to rise up and shake his fist at the young villian, but that didn't help the case a bit. He hadn't got into a hammock yet. He carefully looked the case over, and decided that he had his plans too high. He therefore lowered the net to within two feet of the ground, and he had it dead sure. He fell into it as plump as a bag of shot going down a well. He felt around to see if he was all in, and then gave himself a swing. No person can be happy in a hammock unless the hammock has a pendulum motion. This hammock of Harper's was just getting the regular salt-water swing when his knots untied and he came down on the broad of his back with such a jar that the small boy felt called upon to observe:

"That ain't no way to level a lawn—you want to use a regular roller!"

After the victim had recovered consciousness, he crawled slowly out, gently rubbed his back on an apple tree, and slowly disappeared around the corner of the house in search of some weapon which would annihilate the hammock at one sweep, and though the boy called to him again and again, asking if a minstrel performance was to follow the regular show, Mr. Harper never turned his head nor made a sign.—*Detroit Free Press.*

RULES FOR LADIES TRAVELING ALONE

First—Be sure you know where you want to go before you get on the train

Second—When you purchase your ticket you will have to pay

for it ; no use to tell the ticket agent to " charge it and send the bill to your husband." And if he says the price of the ticket is \$2.96 don't tell him you can get one just like it of the conductor or at the other store for \$2.50 ; he won't believe you, and he may laugh at you.

Third—Never travel without money. It requires broad views, liberal education, keen discernment and profound judgment to travel without money. No one can do this successfully but tramps and editors.

Fourth—Beware of the commercial traveler.

Fifth—Don't give a stranger your ticket and ask him to go out and check your trunk. He will usually be only too glad to do it. And what is more he will do it, and your trunk will be so effectually checked that it will never catch up with you again. And then when the conductor asks for your ticket, and you relate to him this pleasing little allegory about the stranger and the baggage, he will look incredulous and smile down upon you from half-closed eyes and say that it is a beautiful romance, but he has heard it before. And then you will put up your jewelry or disembark at the next station.

Sixth—If you are going three hundred miles don't try to get off the train every fifteen minutes under the impression that you are there. If you get there in twelve hours you will be doing excellently.

Seventh—Call the br. keman "conductor;" he has grown proud since he got his new uniform, and it will flatter him.

Eighth—Put your shawl-strap, bundle and two paper parcels in the hat rack, hang your bird cage to the corner of it, so that when it falls off it will drop into the lap of the old gentleman sitting beyond you, stand your four house plants on the window sill, set your lunch basket on the seat beside you, fold your shawls on the top of it, carry your pocketbook in one hand and hold your silver mug in the other, put your two valises under the seat, and hold your handbox and the rest of your things in your lap. Then you will have all your baggage handy and won't be worried or flustered about it when you have only twenty-nine seconds in which to change cars.

Ninth—Address the conductor every ten minutes. It pleases him to have you notice him. If you can't think of any new question to ask him, ask the same old one every time. Always call him " Say " or " Mister."

Tenth—Pick up all the information you can while traveling. Open the window and look forward to see how fast the engine is going. Then when you get home you can tell the children about the big cinder you picked up with your eye and how nice and warm it was, and what it tasted like.

Eleventh—Don't hang your parasol on the cord that passes down the middle of the car. It isn't a clothes line. It looks like one, but it isn't.

Twelfth—Keep an eye on the passenger who calls the day after Monday "Chewsday." He can't be trusted a car's length.

Thirteenth—Do not attempt to change a \$20 bill for any one if you have only \$9.25 with you; it can't be done.

Fourteenth—If you want a nap, always lie with your head projecting over the end of the seat, into the aisle. Then everybody who goes up and down the aisle will mash your hat, straighten out your frizzes, and knock off your back hair. This will keep you from sleeping so soundly that you will be carried by your station.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A LIVE CAR DRIVER.

Of course the Galveston street car company can not be personally acquainted with every car-driver who is employed. The other day a young, jovial fellow was engaged. He had never had any experience, but he was a live man, chuckfull of life and spirits, in fact.

A stout old man, with his coat over his arm, was waiting for the car to come up. As the car came up, the jovial driver reached out and hit the old gentleman (who is one of the wealthiest men in Galveston) a sharp cut with his whip about his circumference, calling out to him at the same time: "I'll bet you the beer that I'll beat you to the next curve, old hoss."

Now, there is nothing in the world funnier than to see a little fat, bald-headed old man in his shirt sleeves, mad as a wet hen, chasing a street car attached to a galloping mule. The race was a close one for the first hundred yards, but then the old man's wind gave out, and he was taken off the track and carried home in a carriage. At all events the driver got to the curve first,

while the crowd on the sidewalk applauded vociferously. The little incident passed entirely out of his mind. As soon as he was off duty he was requested to step into the office for a few moments. He came out with his face perfectly blank with amazement.

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked one of the drivers.

"Well, I'll be blowed. I've been discharged after I won the race for the company by four car lengths."

"The old man complained!" remarked another driver.

"Complained, did he? What had he to complain of? Why, I never refused to run the race over with him again. Why didn't he come to me if he had any complaints to make? I see how it is. These corporations have no use for a live man.—*Galveston News.*

THE TRAGEDIAN'S KID.

On Howard street, the other day, "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" asked a benevolent old gentleman, as he chucked under the chin a little tot of a six-year-old, who was walking gravely along with a basket on her arm. "Give thee good day, graybeard," replied the midget, simply, "My father bade me to the shambles hie for a fat haunch." "W-w-hat?" ejaculated the old party. "Haply thou knowest him, the good man Skidmore?" inquired the tiny dame. "N-o-o," said the gentleman, much puzzled at the evident earnestness of the child, "You are a quaint little thing. Come with me, and I'll buy you some candy." "Alack! I am forbid to tarry, gentle sir. I need be blythe. Their patience stays upon my coming. "Good-by," said the old gentleman. "Rest you, merry master," and dipping a chubby little courtesy the mite trotted off. "Bless my soul! what an extraordinary child," said the gentleman to a neighbor who had been looking on. "Oh! that's nothing," replied the other, "you see she's the daughter of Bilson, the heavy man at the theatre, and I suppose they talk so much of that kind of lingo in the family that it comes natural to her. Doesn't hear anything else, you see."—*San Francisco Post.*

WANTED TO KNOW.

Yesterday a colored Justice of the Peace came to the city to enter complaint. He wore a pair of cotton pants, and his shoes had been out so often at the toes that he looked as though he wore claws.

"Whar's de Provoke Marshal's?" he asked of a man on the street.

"The who?"

"De Provoke Marshal."

"You mean the United States Marshal, don't you?"

"No, sah. I wants de Provoke Marshal. I'm a Justice ob de Peace. I holds courts, and Ise up heah to see what I can do in case ob contempt. I heared de udder day dat a man was fotch up heah for 'spressin' hissself in de newspaper, and I wanter know if I kin do anything wid a man fur 'spressin' hissself in 'gards to my court?"

"What is your case?"

"Why, you see, a feller was fatched up afore me on a prediction dat he stoled a hog. While de cause was undergoin' a hearin' a ornery white man said dat he know'd dat de feller didn't steal de hog, and dat I couldn't 'vict him. It was in de proof dat he didn't steal de hog, but, jest because de feller sed dat I couldn't 'vict de man, I did 'vict him. Well, den, de feller went ober de creek, and said dat I didn't know as much law as de hog. Now, I wanter know ef I kin 'rain dat ornery rascal afore me an' fine him \$10 and costs?"

The colored gentleman was referred to higher authority.—
Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

HOW IT WAS FIXED.

A stranger, bearing that seedy, rusty outline which fastens to a man who lives on free lunches and sleeps under stairways, walked boldly into a Woodward avenue store the other day and asked for the proprietor. After some remarks about the weather, politics, etc., he stated:

"I am obliged to acknowledge that I am somewhat embarrassed. If I could secure a loan of \$20 of you until I reach

Cincinnati I would then forward my check and be greatly obliged."

"But I don't know you," replied the merchant.

"Ah! beg thousand pardons. Please favor me with a pencil."

He took the pencil and wrote on a sheet of wrapping paper the name "S. Mortimer Montgomery."

"Are you in business there?"

"Not just now. I am at present managing an estate."

He was informed after a little further discussion that he must apply elsewhere. He bowed himself out, but returned in half an hour, and said:

"Pardon my intrusion. As you do not feel like lending me any money, perhaps you would not object to giving me a line stating that you would stand security for my board for a week."

The merchant gave him to understand that he did object, and the stranger retired in good order. Directly after dinner he came again, and he seemed in better spirits.

"Everything is all fixed to our mutual satisfaction," he explained. "They saw me come here from the hotel and have discovered from the resemblance between us that we are brothers. All you've got to do is to favour the delusion and I'll be all right."

The merchant looked at him without power to speak for a moment, and in this interval the stranger said:

"You might do one little turn for me. You wear a mustache and I don't. If you'd only have yours shaved off it would bring our looks closer together and we might pass for twins. Good day; everything is beautifully fixed."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A TRIFLING INCONVENIENCE.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, feeling up the chimney, "have you seen my gold collar button?"

"I saw it the day I bought it," answered Mrs. Spoopendyke, cheerily, "and I thought it very pretty. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I've lost the measley thing," responded Mr. Spoopendyke, running the broom handle up into the cornice and shaking it as if it were a carpet.

"You don't suppose it is up there, do you?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Where did you leave it?"

"Left it in my shirt. Where do you suppose I left it?—in the hash?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tossed over the things in his wife's writing desk, and looked out of the window after it.

"Where did you leave your shirt?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where did I leave my shirt? Where do you suppose I left it? Where does a man generally leave his shirt, Mrs. Spoopendyke? Think I left it in the ferry boat? Got an idea I left it at the prayer meeting, haven't you? Well I didn't. I left it off, Mrs. Spoopendyke, that's where I left it. I left it off. Hear me?" And Mr. Spoopendyke pulled the winter clothing out of the cedar chest that hadn't been unlocked for a month.

"Where is the shirt now," persisted Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where do you suppose it is? Where do you imagine it is? I'll tell you where it is, Mrs. Spoopendyke, its gone to Bridgeport as a witness in a land suit. Idea! Ask a man where his shirt is! You know I have not been out of the room since I took it off;" and Mr. Spoopendyke sailed down stairs and raked the fire out of the kitchen range, but didn't find the button.

"Maybe you lost it on the way home," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, as her husband came up hot and angry, and began to pull a stuffed canary to pieces to see if the button had got inside.

"Oh, yes, very likely! I stood up against a tree and lost it. Then I hid it behind a fence so I wouldn't see it. That's the way it was. If I only had your head, Mrs. Spoopendyke, I'd turn it loose as a razor strop. I don't know anything sharper than you are;" and Mr. Spoopendyke clutched a handful of dust off the top of the wardrobe.

"It must have fallen out," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh! it must, eh? It must have fallen out! Well, I declare, I never thought of that. My impression was that it took a buggy and drove out, or a balloon and hoisted out;" and Mr. Spoopendyke crawled behind the bureau and commenced tearing up the carpet.

"And if it fell out it must be somewhere near where he left his shirt. Now he always throws his shirt on the lounge, and the button is under that."

A moment's search soon established the infallibility of Mrs. Spoopendyke's logic.

"Oh, yes! found it didn't you?" panted Mr. Spoopendyke, as

he bumped his head against the bureau and finally climbed to a perpendicular. "Perhaps you'll fix my shirts so it won't fall out any more, and maybe you'll have sense enough to mend that lounge, now that it has caused so much trouble. If you only tended to the house as I do to my business, there'd never be any difficulty about losing a collar button."

"It wasn't my fault—" began Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Wasn't, eh? Have you found that coal bill you've been looking for since last March?"

"Yes."

"Have, eh? Now where did you put it? Where did you find it?"

"In your overcoat pocket."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FOOD FOR SHE BEARS.

HOW AN INQUISITIVE SMALL BOY'S IRRITATING QUESTIONS BROUGHT HIM A QUARTER AND BOXED EARS.

The other day, a lady accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush."

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, may be."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll slap you when we get home."

"Look! there's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll slap you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "If you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed:

"Madam, hereafter when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

EXPLAINING A JOKE.

He came into the office modestly and shyly as was befitting, and asked to see the man who puts the jokes in the *Advertiser*. The joker was engaged in reading some very interesting tables of trade and navigation returns, in order to inform "A Subscriber" how many gallons of beeswax had been exported from the Province of Prince Edward Island in the year 1871, and was consequently in a very hilarious mood. The visitor took off his hat, mopped his manly brow with a dirty handkerchief, and placed before the newspaper man a scrap of paper on which was written :
 "Wen Sir Joseph Porter dies the company will be treated to half-and-half—Porter and bier."

The newspaper man read it, looked up, and exclaimed :
 "What is it about?"

"It is just a little joke, you see."

"Ah! I didn't notice. I will read it again."

He reperused, and then asked, "Where is the joke?"

"Why, the play on words—a pun, you know—Porter and bier."

"Oh, ah, yes. Porter and beir. Well, did you ask Mr. Porter about this? Will he be pleased to see his name in the paper in that connection?"

"Why, there is no such person. Sir Joseph Porter is a character in 'Pinafore'."

"Well," mused the newspaper man, "if there is no such person I don't see how he can die very successfully. Any attempt to kill a man who don't live must necessarily prove a failure."

"But you don't understand," explained the amateur joker.

"You see the whole point is in the play on the words—porter and bier. Porter and beer mixed is called half-and-half. Now you catch the idea, don't you?"

"Well, I understand it so far; but where's the joke?"

"Why, I explained——"

"Yes, I know that you explained. You said porter and beer mixed is called half-and-half. But that kind of porter is not a man, it is a liquor; and anyhow you don't spell beer right."

"But that's the point. You notice there the words have different meanings and the same sound. It is to bring out a different idea than the word itself conveys that I have tried, and I flatter myself——"

"No, no," interrupted the newspaperman, "not flatter. Your grammar is at fault. The joke is flat, not flatter."

At this point, some of the people in the sanctum interfered, and the enemy beat a graceful retreat without any casualties.

HE WAS USED TO PLAIN TALK.

A Detroit bobtail car overtook a man with a hand-truck of ancient make, walking in the middle of the street. He inquired if the car went to the railroad track, and then got aboard. There were several passengers in the car, and as he stood in the door he looked from one to the other and said:

"If I am intruding don't hesitate to tell me so. I like people who speak right out, and I am used to plain talk."

No one objected, and he took a seat, crossed his legs, and said to himself:

"I'll bet they never built this car for less than fifty dollars! I'm glad the old woman isn't here. If she should see how it's fixed up, she'd never let up on me till I tacked one to the house. I'll never ride on a wood wagon again when I can jog along in a chariot like this. It's got more windows than a bee-hive."

As he made no move to pay his fare the driver rang the bell.

"Got bells on here, eh? mused the plain man. "Now, who'd a-thought they'd have gone to such an expense as that. Folks here in town are right on the style, no matter what it costs."

The driver rang again and again, and seeing that it did no good, he finally opened the door and said:

"You man in the corner there, you didn't pay your fare!"

"My fare! Why, that's so! Hanged if I hadn't forgotten all about it! Were you ringing that bell for me?"

"Yes."

"That's too bad! Why didn't you open that door long ago and say to me: 'Here, you old potato top, if you don't pass up your ducats I'll land you in the mud!' I'm a plain man and I never get miffed at plain talk. Take the damage out of this half dollar."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THEY MET AND PARTED.

"Now then," says tramp No. 1 to No. 2 as they turned into Mountain street from Woodward avenue the other day, "here is the game; you walk down the street and ring the bell of some house. When the lady answers you tell her that you haven't had anything to eat for three days. If she says she doesn't care tell her that you are desperate and ready to commit any crime. If she starts to slam the door on you hold it open with your foot and roll your eyes and look savage. I'll arrive just about then, and I'll take you by the neck, slam you round, and pitch you out of the yard. I'm the lady's protector and the hero of the hour, you see. I'll be very modest and claw off, but I'll tell her I'm a stranger and need a quarter to buy food. She'll hand it over, and I'll join you around the corner and divide. See?" "Magnificent!" replied No. 2. "You ought to be in the United States Senate! Well here I go." He passed down the street and selected the house, and the programme was carefully followed out until he reached the point where he said he was desperate. At that instant the hall door was pulled wide open, and a six-foot husband shot out with his right hand and knocked No. 2 clear off the lower step. No. 1 was just rushing in, and a six-footer thought he might as well kill two birds with one stone, so he gave him one on the jaw, and when tired of walking around on their prostrate bodies he flung them over the fence. The tramps limped down to the corner, looked at each other in deep disgust, and then separated forever.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A FEMALE WITNESS.

A reporter of the *New York World* photographs a scene in court which illustrates the thorns that beset a lawyer's path when he is trying to escort a female witness through her evidence:

"I want to know Mrs.——," interrupted Hubbard, "I want to know on which side of your house the L is. Is it north, south, east or west?"

"It's on this side" replied the lady, motioning with her hand.

"The east side?"

"No."

"The west side?"

"No, its straight across from Mrs. B's parlor window, not twenty feet from it, you——"

"Mrs.——," shouted the lawyer, "will you tell me if that L is on the east, west, north or south of your house?"

"It ain't on any side of the house," replied the witness, compressing her lips; "It's at the end. You know as well as I do, You've seen it many a time, and there aint no use——"

"Come, come, Mrs.——," interrupted Judge Cromer, "tell the gentleman where the L of your house is situated."

"Havn't I been telling him just as plain as I could?"

"Where is the L situated?" said Hubbard desperately.

"Right in the lot, back against the end of the house."

"Will you answer my question," shouted the affable lawyer running up his hair in desperation.

"What question?"

"Is the L on the east, west, north or south side of the house?"

"Judge, I've told him just as plain as ever a woman could. I didn't come here to be insulted by no one horse lawyer. I know him and his father before him. He ain't got no business putting on airs. What kind of a family——"

"Silence!" thundered the judge. "Now Mrs.——, which side of your house does the sun rise on?"

"That one," said the witness, indicating.

"Is the L on that side?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then it's on the east side?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you say so, then?" asked the exasperated lawyer.

"Cause you never asked me, you thick-headed old fool. I know a thing or——"

"That will do," said Hubbard. "Take the witness," he added, turning to Tom Wren, the opposing counsel.

THE CENTENNIAL FIEND.

He commenced as he seated himself in the sanctum:

"When I was at the centennial——"

"Great Scott!" thought the city editor. "He's turned up

again after so many years of blessed peace and silence," and he cut the stranger's sentence short by hurling the dictionary at him.

The stranger dodged, and came up with a melancholy smile, repeating:

"When I was at the centennial—"

The paste pot followed the dictionary, but the stranger didn't seem to mind it any more than if it was a fly. He fastened his eye on the city editor and repeated:

"When I was at the centennial—"

"Man," said the city editor, "Life is too short and business too pressing to listen to any old centennial yarns."

"When I was at the centennial—"

"Dry up!" yelled the city editor.

"Go off and die," howled the telegraph editor.

"Call a policeman," growled the managing editor.

The man arose, buttoned his coat up to his chin, pulled his hat down over his eyes, thrust his hands into his pockets, and strode out of the room. He paused on the threshold and remarked, as fast as he could talk:

"When I was at the centennial of the battle of Monmouth I met a man from Des Moines who was killed accidentally and I was going to tell you about it, but you are so blamed smart and so cussed previous I guess I won't."

And thus was a good item lost on a very dull day.—*Des Moines Register*.

NOT QUITE HARMONIOUS.

They drove into town Monday behind a cross-eyed mule and a spavined horse. They looked contented, but one member of the party was the head of the house, for she handled the ribbons, and when they halted she hitched the team, while he stood demurely by and took the basket of eggs and her shopping satchel as she handed them out. They disposed of their produce at the grocery, and then entered a dry goods store.

She made a few trifling purchases of thread, pins, needles, and such things, and then called for two knots of yarn.

"That won't be enough, Mary," said the man, plucking at her dress.

"I guess I know what I'm buying," she retorted.

"But it a'n't more'n half what you've had afore," he persisted,

"Wal, that's none o' your bisness; these socks are goin' to be for me, and if I want 'em short, you can have your'n come way up to your neck if you want to."

The old man bowed to the inevitable with a long sigh as his partner turned to the clerk and said:

"Two yards of cheap shirtin', if you please."

"That a'n't enough, Mary," said the old man, plucking at her dress again.

"Yes 'tis."

"No, it a'n't."

"Wal, it's all you'll git," she snapped.

"Put it up then, mister," said he, turning to the clerk; "put it up, and we won't have any."

"Who's doin' this buyin' I should like to know?" hissed the woman.

"You are, Mary, you are," he admitted; "but you can't palm off no short shirts on me."

"You act like a fool, John Spinner."

"Mebbe I do, Mary, but I'll be dumed to gosh if I'll have half a shirt—no, not if I go naked."

"Wall, I say two yards is enough to make any onetwo shirts," she snapped.

"Mebbe that's enough for you, Mary," he said, very quietly; "p'raps you can get along with a collar button and a neck band. but that a'n't me; and I don't propose to freeze my legs to save eight cents."

"Git what you want, then!" she shrieked, pushing him over the stool; "git ten yards, get a hull piece, get a dozen pieces if you want 'em, but remember that I'll make you sick for this."

"Four yards, if you please, mister—four yards," said he to the clerk: "and just remember," he continued, "if you hear of 'em findin' me with my head busted, friz to death in a snow drift, just remember that you heard her say she'd make me sick."

And grasping the bundle, he followed his better half out of the door.—*Fulton Times.*

TRUE STORY OF WILLIAM TELL.

He was captain of an archery club, and one of the best shots with the bow and arrow in Switzerland. That country was then under the rule of the tyrant Gesler. One day Gesler set his plug hat on a pole for men to salute, and ordered that every man in Altorf should make obeisance to it or die. And they did, every man of them. Even the trees standing around made their best boughs. Finally Bill Tell came along with his little boy. He told the men of Altorf that before he would bow to Gesler's hat he would 'Altorf and stamp on it. That was the kind of bow-and-arrow he was. Gesler arrested him on the spot, being marshal of the village as well as tyrant, thus drawing a salary from two offices, contrary to the Constitution. Gesler, as a punishment for his audacity, ordered him to shoot an apple off the head of his boy. This he did, although it was an arrow escape for young Tell. The apple fell, pierced to the core, no encore being allowed owing to the extreme length of the performance. As Tell rushed forward to embrace his boy, another arrow dropped out of his vest. "Ha!" cried the tyrant, "wherefore concealest that arrow?" Replied Tell, pointing to Gesler's head-gear on top of the pole, "To shoot that hat!" The joke was so good that Gesler released him, and gave him a twenty-dollar gold piece.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

IT WAS HOT.

A good-natured Griswold street lawyer left his office unoccupied for an hour about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and some of the jokers in the block went in and built up a rousing hot fire in his coal stove. He came back with his hat in his hand and almost dead with the heat, and was met on the stairs by a lawyer who said:

"This is the hottest yet. The thermometer in my room marks 120 deg."

"Don't seem possible, though it's a scorcher," replied the other, as he went on to his room.

He threw down his hat, took off his coat, and began fanning himself; but the harder he fanned the hotter he grew. Two or

three lawyers came in and spoke about how cool his room was compared to theirs, and were greatly puzzled to account for it. Several offers were made to him to change rooms, and pretty soon he grew ashamed of appearing so overheated, and sat down to his table. In five minutes his shirt collar fell flat, and in ten he hadn't any starch in his shirt. The perspiration ran about in every direction, and he seemed to be boiling when one of his friends looked in and remarked:

"Ah! old boy, I envy you. You've got the coolest room in the block."

"Say," said the lawyer, as he staggered over to the door, "I'm going home. I never felt so queer in all my life. While I know that the room is cool and airy, I'm so baked and boiled that I can't lift a hand. One drink of brandy wouldn't act that way on a man, would it?"

"That's just it," whispered the other. "Brandy always acts that way, especially if you drink alone. You ought to have known better."

"So I had—so I had. Don't say a word to the boys—I'll make it all right. I thought something must ail me, and I was a little afraid I was going to be sent for. I'm glad it's nothing serious—I'll be back in about two hours."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Yesterday, says the *Galveston News*, Col. Gilhooly, accompanied by Maj. Spillkins, happened to be walking down Galveston avenue, when Gilhooly remembered that a few days previous he had left his walking-stick at the shop of a Chinaman close by to be repaired, so they dropped into the establishment to get it.

The Chinaman was not present, so they had to wait a few minutes until he came in.

Says Gilhooly, "I can't understand why so many people have an unfounded prejudice against Chinamen. They attend closely to their own business. I don't see that anybody is ruined by cheap Chinese labor, and they have their rights under the law."

"—— a Chinaman, anyhow," said Spillkins.

Gilhooly retorted, "You are prejudiced, Spillkins."

Just then Johnny Chinaman entered, all smiles. Gilhooly

shook hands most cordially with the despised Mongolian, and asked if his cane was ready.

"Half-dollee firstlee," said Johnny, holding out his itching palm.

Gilhooly got red behind the ears, and said: "You sallow com-
plected b—— gimme that cane or I'll wear it out on your hide."

"I can't understand why so many people have such an un-
founded prejudice against Chinamen," observed Spilkins gravely
looking up at the ceiling; "you are certainly prejudiced, Gil-
hooly."

"—— a Chinaman, anyhow!" remarked Gilhooly, glaring like
a tiger at the Mongolian, who merely remarked:

"No half-dollee, no walky cane."

"They attend closely to their own business, particularly in
Galveston," observed Spilkins, rubbing the end of his chin and
smiling faintly.

"Look here, John, I'll bring you in the half-dollar to-morrow
morning when I am passing. Come, now, that's a good Moun-
golian," said Gilhooly, persuasively.

"Half-dollee firstlee," said the Chinaman.

"I don't see that anyone is ruined by cheap Chinese labour,"
remarked Spilkins, turning his face on one side and smiling per-
ceptibly.

Gilhooly was irritated at Spilkins for his unfeeling conduct, but
had to apply to him for the temporary loan of half a dollar.

BLOCKED THE TRADE.

A citizen of Cass avenue having a residence worth about
\$16,000 has a sign of "For sale" on the house, and the other day
an old African, driving a stone blind old horse and a waggon
which wobbled all over the road, drew up in front of the place
just as the owner came out:

"Boss, am dat place fur sale?" promptly inquired the darkey
as he dropped the reins.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"What your very lowest figgers, sah?"

"Sixteen thousand dollars."

"Dat incloudes de back yard an all, I 'spose."

"Yes, sir."

The old man got down, looked over the fence and peered around, and finally said:

"How much would ye 'low me on dat horse an' wagin if we made a trade?"

"Oh, about five dollars."

The querist settled his hat with a jerk, climbed into the wagon and was driving away without a word when the citizen asked:

"Well, what do you think?"

"What does I fink, sah. Why, sah, I fink de trade am blocked. I'ze willing to knock off sumthin', but I can't take no five dollars for dis outfit. De hoss alone cost me six!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

IN THE RECORDER'S COURT.

Yesterday morning the recorder and his entire staff were somewhat startled by the sudden appearance of a little old bare headed man, who rushed into the presence of the court in an exhausted condition, panting blowing and perspiring like he had participated in a three mile boat race. His nose was pointing northeast by east, and his torn collar hanging down, his shirt split down the back, and he seemed to be somewhat perturbed in his mind. One policeman brought him a drink of ice-water, another fanned him, and everybody else in the vicinity looked on and felt sorry for him. He finally came to, and the recorder proceeded to see if he knew his catechism, as soon as it was evident that he was more frightened than hurt.

"Well, what's the matter? Did anybody murder, or were you run over by a train of cars?"

"I feel like I had been blown up in a powder mill, but I reckon that's a mistake. Whew!"

"Tell your story, so we can make out the affidavit," remarked the recorder.

"I want to know," said the little man, rubbing his nose on his shirt sleeve, and looking at it to see if it was bloody, "I want to know if the gentlemanly widow who keeps the boarding house on Ninety-seventh street has the right to kick me over a five-foot fence? I want to know if the law encourages her to taunt me that way merely because she belongs to the gentler sex and I am a man?"

The recorder looked dubious, and said he was not prepared to guess who was the nominee of the convention until he had talked with all the delegates.

The little man passed his hand soothingly over the small of his back, and said emphatically: "In the whole course of my life I never—"

"Now you stop," said the recorder, placing a paper weight where he could reach it, "you have the sympathies of the court, but if you attempt to ring in that Pianafore gag, 'his court will make an earnest effort to so far forget herself as to sling you through that window with such violence that you will stick on the wall of that building across the street.'"

The little old man looked across the street at the place he was liable to adhere to, and said he would try and be very careful.

"You had better give the matter your prayerful attention, unless you are pining for some more violent exercise."

"After what I went through with that mankiner, I ought not to mind going into a convention of hungry Bengal tigers, but I will try and be careful."

"And don't say anything about Ingersoll and Ingersollism. Just you stick to the widow."

"I'll try to. You see I only became a boarder a short time ago. Mrs. Bombazine has a number of half-grown brats—'pledges of affection,' she calls them."

"That'll do," said the recorder, laughing; "I understand the situation as if I had had a front seat and staid all through the show. You are a fussy old bachelor that nobody can please. You complained of hash three times a day, just as if hash was not the best thing in the world. It clears the voice, plenty of hash does. Then you wanted all kinds of attention shown you. You wanted to be waited on all the time. If you had your way, the widdy wouldn't do anything except sit at the piano all night and play, Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now, or Meet Me Where the Flow'rets Droop. You see, I know all about you gay old cherubs. No doubt you tried to worry and oppress the lonesome widdy because she had no use for such an old rattle-trap of a coffee-mill as you are. You grumbled about the oleo-margarine, just as if the scientists hadn't decided it is the only healthy butter there is. I expect you wanted the widdy to stand behind your chair and keep the flies off you while you wrestled with the hash. You took advantage of her because she was poor

and had to keep a boarding-house. Officially, I know no distinctions of age, sex or previous condition ; but, personally, the widdy is my man for the presidency. If some down trodden boarding-house keeper were to seize an old wooden Indian like you and saw him in three or four pieces, she would do a good day's work. But get through. If you keep on talking it will be moon-rise before the case is disposed of."

The little old man winced a good deal, but he said, "it was the children."

"Of course, it was the cat," said the recorder.

"I thought there was to be no Pinafore," remarked the old man, timidly.

"Don't you interrupt me, or I'll consign you to a dungeon cell. As I was saying, the children go into your room before you are up, and carry off your false teeth, out of the glass where you have put them in soak. Why don't you keep your door locked? They spill the hair-dye you use on your whiskers, and they talk about your big forehead at the dinner table. Own up, now ; you can't bear children, and that's the reason you don't like them."

"I don't object to children at all—I only wish I had a chance to drown some of them when they are little. I merely requested her to correct her children or else I would be compelled to leave the house. She replied with some asperity, and I replied that a woman of her age ought to be able to restrain her children."

"Well, now, give us the tableau with Greek fire. You left the house? It's there yet, isn't it? You didn't carry off a soft brick two-story house?"

"Yes, I left the house—left it suddenly, without any preparations," said the sufferer, solemnly.

"You didn't linger at the gate, darling, did you?" resumed the recorder. "You went without waiting for the second bell. You left not only the house, but you left your hat, and your coat, and about 50 per cent. of what little hair still lingered on your barefooted head. She helped you leave. Probably if you hadn't dodged the first kick, she would have fractured your skull. The next kick caught you fair and helped you soar (you are sore yet from it)—soar out of the front yard over the fence. Now the question is, what do you want to do about it? You will keep on talking forever. I thought I heard a rooster crow for

daylight just now. Do you want her arrested for cruelty to an infant, or what?"

"I guess you never had any experience with a woman that kicks sideways."

"Never!"

"I thought you said there was a city ordinance against perpetrating Pinafore."

"If you interrupt this court again you will wish yourself back in the house with the widdy. What can I do for you?"

"I want my trunks and things."

"If I have the chief of police take his whole force, and the Galveston Artillery, with fifty rounds of canister and grapeshot, and the Washington Guards, with fixed bayonets, do you think you could muster up courage to go along and point out the house?"

He thought he could, and this journalist was making preparations to accompany the expedition, when he suddenly awoke and found it was all a dream. That's what comes from reading the recorder's court proceedings in the *Houston Post* after dinner. These afternoons are getting to be very sultry.—*Galveston News*.

SPOOPENDYKE'S BATHING SUIT.

"My dear," observed Mr. Spoopendyke, looking up from his paper, "I think I would be greatly benefitted this summer by sea baths. Bathing in the surf is an excellent tonic, and if you will make me up a suit and one for yourself, if you like, we'll go down oftener and take a dip in the waves."

"The very thing," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke; "you certainly need something to tone you up, and there's nothing like salt water. I think I'll make mine of blue flannel, and, let me see, yours ought to be red, my dear."

"I don't think you caught the exact drift of my remark," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "I didn't say I was going into the opera business, or that I was going to hire out to some country village as a conflagration. My plan was to go in swimming, Mrs. Spoopendyke, to go in swimming, and not to grow up with the country as a cremation furnace. You can make yours of blue if you want, but you don't make mine of red, that's all."

"There's a pretty shade of yellow flannel—"

"Most indubitably, Mrs. Spoopendyke, but if you think I am going to masquerade around Manhattan beach in the capacity of a ham, you haven't yet seized my idea. I don't apprehend that I shall benefit by the waters any more by going around looking like a Santa Cruz rum barrel. What I want is a bathing suit, and if you can't get one up without making me look like a Fulton street car, I'll go and buy something to suit me."

"Would you want it all in one piece, or do you want pants and blouse?"

"I want a suit easy to get in and out of. I'm not particular about following the fashion. Make up something neat, plain and substantial, but don't stick any fancy colors into it. I want it modest and serviceable."

Mrs. Spoopendyke made up the suit under the guidance of a lady friend, whose aunt had told her how it should be constructed. It was in one piece, and when completed was rather a startling garment.

"I'll try it on to-night," said Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing it askance when it was handed him.

"Before retiring, Mr. Spoopendyke examined the suit, and then began to get into it.

"Why didn't you make some legs to it? What d'ye want to make it all arms for?" he inquired, struggling around to see why it didn't come up behind.

"You have got it on sideways," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "You've got one leg into the sleeve."

"I've got to get it on sideways. There ain't any top to it. Don't you know enough to put the arms up where they belong. What d'ye think I am, anyhow? A star-fish? Where does this leg go?"

"Right in there. That's the place for that leg."

"Then where's the leg that goes in this hole?"

"Why, the other leg."

"The measly thing is all legs. Who'd you make this thing for—me? What d'ye take me for—a centipede? Who else is going to get in here with me? I want somebody else. I ain't twins. I can't fill this business up. What d'ye call it, anyway, a family machine?"

"Those other places ain't legs; they're sleeves."

"What are they doing down there? Why ain't they up there

where they belong? What are they there for—snow shoes? S'pose I'm going to stand on my head to get my arms in those holes?"

"I don't think you've got it on right," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It looks twisted."

"That's the way you told me. You said, 'Put this leg here and that one there,' and there they are. Now where does the rest of me go?"

"I made it according to the pattern," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Then it's all right, and it's me that's twisted," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'll have my arms and legs altered. All I want is to have my legs jammed in the small of my back and my arms stuck in my hips; then it'll fit. What did you take for a pattern, a crab? Wher'd you find the lobster you made this from? S'pose I'm going into the water on all fours? I told you I wanted a bathing suit, didn't I? Did I say anything about a chair cover?"

"I think if you take it off and try it on over again it'll work," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh, of course. I've only got to humor the blasted thing. That's all it wants," and Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched it off with a growl.

"Now pull it on," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke went at it again and reversed the original order of disposing his limbs.

"Suit you now? he howled. "That's the way you meant it to go? What's these things flopping around here?"

"Those are the legs, 'm afraid," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, dejectedly.

"What are they doing up here? I see; oh, I see, this is supposed to represent me making a dive. When I get this on, I'm going head first. Where's the balance? Where's the rest? Give me the suit that represents me head up," and Mr. Spoopendyke danced around the room in fury.

"Just turn it over," my dear, said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and you are all right."

"How'm I going to turn it over?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "S'pose I'm going to carry around a steam boiler to turn me over when I want the other end of this thing up? S'pose I'm going to hire a man to go around with a griddle spoon and turn

me over like a flap-jack, just to please this dog-plasted bathing suit? D'ye think I work on pivots?"

"Just take it off and put it on the other way," urged Mrs. Spoopendyke, who began to see her way clear.

"Mr. Spoopendyke kicked the structure up to the ceiling, and plunged into it once more. This time it came out all right, and as he buttoned it up and surveyed himself in the glass, the clouds passed away and he smiled.

"I like it," he remarked, "the colour suits me, and I think you have done very well, my dear; only," and he frowned slightly, "I wish you would mark the arms and legs so I can distinguish one from the other, or some day I will present the startling spectacle of a respectable elderly gentleman hopping around the beach upside down. That's all."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

BROTHER GARDNER ON THE WEATHER.

The Secretary of the Lime Kiln Club announced a communication from Bushnell, Ia., stating that a local debating society of colored men had got stuck on a question and desired assistance. The society had found itself unable to agree as to which of the many almanacs put forth contained the most trustworthy weather predictions, and it had been agreed to adopt the one in use by the club. "Gem'len," said the President in reply, "I fink dat de inhabitants of dis kentry am payin' altogether too much 'tenteun to dis wedder question. Dar's a groan of despair when its hot, an' a growl of displeashur when it cold. If it rains, somebody raises a row, and if its dry, somebody else has a bone to pick wid de powers above. Ebery red-headed one hoss whiteman—ebery broken down old two cent darkey, has just got de ideah in his head dat de Lord am boun' to send him 'long just de sort o' wedder he wants, no matter 'bout de rest of de kentry. De ole man Ruebottom, libin' up dar by my cabin, has got about fifteen cents' worf o' garden truck back of his house, an' when its hot or cold or wet or dry, he am so agitated dat he forgits dat any odder soul in dis kentry has sot out an onion or planted a 'tatar. Mo' dan fifty y'ars ago I come to de conclusion dat I mus' put up wid sich wedder as de Lawd gimme, no matter whedder it brought on chilblains or rheumatics, an' it was a great burden off my mind

I take it jist as it comes, keepin' de old umbrelly in good repair, an' I doan' know nuffin' 'bout almanacs, and I doan' want to."—
Detroit Free Press.

A CONDUCTOR WHO BACKED DOWN.

Before the train left Bay City yesterday morning for Detroit, a woman nearly six feet tall and having a complexion like a fresh burned brick, entered the depot followed by a dog almost as big as a yearling calf. Having purchased a ticket, the woman stood beside the train until the conductor came along, when she led off with :

"You have been pinte out to me as the boss of this train."

"Yes'm," was his modest reply.

"Well, I'm going to Detroit fur the old man."

"Yes."

"And this dog is going along with me. He goes where I go every time in the year."

"Yes, he can go down in the baggage-car."

"Not any he can't. That's what I stopped you for. This 'ere dog is going 'long in this 'ere car and nowhere else!"

"The rules of the road—"

"Rules be-hanged! My old man can be banged around by everybody, and he never demands his rights; but Lucinda hain't Thomas—not by a jug-full!"

"Madam, let me——"

"I don't want no clawing off!" she interrupted, as she peeled a pair of black mittens of her big red hands. "I'm going, and the dog's going, and what I want to know is whether you want to raise a row on the cars or have it right now and here!"

The conductor looked the dog over and was about to shake his head, when the woman began untying her bonnet, and quietly remarked :

"I s'pose, being as I am a woman, it would be no more than fair for the dog to sail in with me. Come here, Leonidus!"

"Madam," replied the conductor as he felt a shiver go up his legs, "take your dog and get aboard!"

"Honest Lajun?"

"Yes."

"No row after the cars start?"

"No."

"Then that settles that, and I'm much obleeged, though you did kinder hang off at first. Leonidus, foller me and behave yourself!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW SHE GOT NOAH?

A Detroit Justice of the Peace was the other day interviewed by a woman about forty-five years of age, who announced that she would be married on a certain night at her farm-house, and his Honor had been selected to come out and perform the ceremony. She asked how much the fee was, and paid it and took a receipt. Business concluded, she sat down, filled a short clay pipe with tobacco and indulged in a smoke.

"You won't flunk out on this?" she said, as she rose to go, after exhausting the contents of her pipe.

"Oh! no—I'll be there, sure."

"So'll I and so'll he, or I'll know the reason why! He's been clawing off a little lately, but I'll make him toe the mark, see if I don't."

"I hope nothing unpleasant will occur," observed the court.

"I hope so, too, but I'm going to be prepared for a scrimmage just the same. You always back the weaker sex, don't you?"

"Y—yes," softly replied the justice.

"So do I, and I guess we'll be all right. Don't forget the date."

His Honor went out last night prepared to perform the ceremony with promptness and good-will. He found about a dozen persons assembled at the house, and the woman looked gorgeous under the light of three kerosene lamps. She had her pipe going, and her face was covered with a bland smile as she shook hands and said:—

"Take a cheer. The old man isn't here yet, but I'll send for him." Then, turning to a boy in the room, she continued:

"Samuel, go and tell the old man it's time to come in and be spliced."

Samuel departed on his errand, and after a lapse of ten minutes he returned and responded:

"The old man is over to Martin's. He's got his boots off, and is whittling out a wooden cat, and I don't believe he cares two cents about being married to you or anybody else."

The widow refilled her pipe, took several strong whiffs, and then said to a long-legged farmer who seemed hungry for the bridal feast;

"Moses, you go over and tell Noah I want him!"

Moses departed. He was absent ten minutes, and then lounged in and said:

"Says he is quite comfortable where he is. Guess he isn't on the marry very much."

"Judge," began the woman as she looked around for her bonnet, "you play a game of fox-and-geese with Moses while I go over and see about this thing. There's going to be a marriage here to night, and I'll bet a new hoss-rake on it!"

She was absent about twenty minutes, and then returned in company with Noah. He had neither coat nor hat on, and only one boot, and both were panting for breath.

"G-go ahead. Judge!" she gasped, as she hauled the groom into the center of the room. "He heard me coming and got out and run four times around the orchard, but here he is!"

"Do you want to marry this woman?" asked the official as he gave Noah a looking over.

"Yaas," was the blunt reply.

"Then why did you run away?"

"Spouse I'm going to give right in the first thing?" demanded the indignant Noah. "I'll go and fix up and come back."

"No, darling—no you won't, my pet amethyst!" chuckled the widow. "We'll be married right here and now, boots or no boots!"

She crowded him against the table, Moses stood behind the pair to render any needed aid, and the knot was soon tied. As soon as the ceremony was over Noah skipped out of the back door, but no one pursued. The widow called the guests to supper and remarked:

"Sit right down and don't worry about the groom. I've been nine years working him up to this, but he'll be a little bashful for a few weeks to come. Have some of this roast pig, Mr. Court?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

MY FIRST CIGAR.

'Twas just behind the woodshed,
One glorious summer day,
Far o'er the hills the sinking sun
Pursued its westward way.

And in my lone seclusion,
Safely removed afar
From all of earth's confusion,
I smoked my first cigar.

Ah, bright the boyish fancies
Wrapped in the wreaths of blue;
My eyes grew dim, my head was light,
The woodshed round me flew.

Dark night closed in around me,
Rayless without a star,
Grim death, I thought, had found me,
And spoiled my first cigar.

I heard my father's smothered laugh,
It seemed so strange and far;
I knew he knew, I knew he knew
I'd smoked my first cigar.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

BRO. GARDNER'S LIME-KILN CLUB.

"A nite or two ago," began the old man as the meeting opened in due form, "a sartin member of dis club cum softly inter my house an' axed me if I had any objectshuns to his enterin' into a walkin' match. Yesterday anodder member hinted aroun' about organizin' a cull'd base ball club to sweep the kentry. To-day, a third member serusly proposed de ideah of fastin' fur fo'ty days on de Tanner principle. Fur two long hours dis afternoon I sot on de back stoop an' pondered ober dese fings, an' bime-by I got what I believe am de k'rect ideah. At sartin' sezuns of de y'ar de atmosphere am 'prenated wid some sort o' vapor dat creates a desiah on de part of about six men out of ten to make fools of demselves. Dis vapor am now prevailin' aroun' dis nayburhood at hullsale rate, an' if it affects de white folks, why shouldn't it have mo' or less influence on the cull'd people? In order to diskiver what effect it has had on dis club,

I now inwite all you who am in favor of base ball, fastin' an' walking-matches to riz up."

Not a foot moved. The hall was as quiet as a cow in a garden after cabbages.

"Waal, den, all who am 'posed will please stretch up," continued the President.

Every person in the hall got his feet in under him as soon as possible and stood erect for a full minute.

"Werry well, gem'len—you kin sot down," remarked the old man as a smile crept into the corner of each eye. "I guess I am all right about de vapor, but I guess de vapor sorter slides away from de cullid race. Now let me say to one ar' all as follers: Two weeks wid a spellin' book will do any of us mo' good dan two y'ars wid a base ball club. If you want to walk go out an' look for work. As to the queshun of fastin' dar's a full dozen of you in heah who'll git all you want of it afore nex' spring onless you make yeur brushes fly faster dan you have fur a month past. De man who builds up his frame on an empty stomach will drag out o' sight all of a sudden. It's pleasant to be a hero, but de man who airns his dollar a day, pays his debts, speaks de truf, brings up his chill'en in de right way and wins de respect of his nayburs am sailin' his sand-scow 'bout as r'gh de true light as he kin go. We will now attack de usual order of bizness."

Petitions were received as follows: From Ohio, two elders and a captain; from Georgia, two judges and two trustees; from Virginia, one Colonel and a Justice of the Peace; from Illinois, one Cverseer of Highways and two reverends. A petition from Mobile read as follows:

Gents,—I am known in this city as Dr. Lightfoot, the Great American Herb and Root Physician. I extract corns, cure in-growing toe nails, knock bilblains into the middle of next week, deliver addresses on all subjects, hold funeral exercises, clean and repair clothing, make insect powder and desire to join the Lime Kiln Club.

P. S.—I also reveal the future and tell the whereabouts of lost or stolen property. Charges reasonable. In case I am admitted to the club I will read the future of any member who will send on his name.

N. B.—I also interpret dreams. I can tell by your dreams whether you are going to find a lost wallet chuck full of greenbacks or fall off the wharf and be drowned. Please give this your earliest attention.

DR. LIGHTFOOT, P. D. Q.

Elder Toots at once arose and moved that the petition of the Doctor be acted on under a suspension of the rules.

Sympathy Hastings seconded the motion. He had dreams every night, and if there were any lost wallets coming to him he wanted to make his arrangements accordingly.

Judge Boldface hoped the motion would prevail. He had lost a dog, and he wanted to know the whereabouts of the animal powerfully bad.

"Gem'len, sot down," observed the President as he slowly tore the letter in pieces. "If dis club has corns it can git 'em pared down nigher by dan Mobile. Dis doctah may be werry powerful wid his roots and yarbs, but I doan' like de tone of his applicashun. As to dreams an' sich, come right to me if you want 'em 'splained. It doan' look well fur sich old men as Brudde Boldface and Hastings to be filled up wid signs an' dreams an' whims. De time wasted by de cull'd race in dis kentry in dreamin' of black cats an' lookin' fur lost pocket-books would raise 'nuff taters to keep everybody fat. De committee on Petitions needn't bodder wid dis case nor try to find out what P. D. Q. means.

The following candidates were made notorious: Elder Haggle, Trustee Turnover, Anatom Calwell, Col. Jackson, Nevertheless Simpson, Henry Jones, George Spofford, Major Hercules Sidebar, and Judge Walkingbow.

A communication from Lockport, N. Y., stated that Reliable Parker, an honorary member of the club living in that village, was under a cloud from having been discovered and arrested with half his body in a grocery window at midnight. He had been tried and discharged on suspended sentence, but the people of Lockport thought it best to inform the club of the incident, and leave it to take such action as it deemed proper. The prisoner's defence was that he was walking in his sleep.

"I can't see de need of raisin' any fus ober dat," said Circular Smith, as he arose and wiped off his chin, "'Deed, sah, lze in de same habit o' walkin' in my sleep, an' I'm liable to be found in a grocery any night."

"If you eber am," slowly replied the President, "your connectshun wid dis club will be chopped off quicker dan chain lightnin'. De Secretary will drap a letter to Brudder Parker to de effect dat it will be a great deal better fur him in de fuchur to do his walkin' in his back doah yard or out on de commons."

The leader of the Glee Club finished his nap about this time and signalled that it was perfectly proper to rush in on the

following, which is the joint production of Waydown Bebee and Whalebone Howker:

De udder dark night ole Joe had a dream,
 An' it's made his ole heart berry sore;
 Once mo' he saw de cabins down in de shady lane,
 An' de little black niggers in de doah;

Chorus—

Oh! whar' am gone dem good ole days,
 Oh! whar' has dem pickaninies fled?
 An' de warm souf wind am saying unto me,
 Dat de meadow grass kivers my dead.

Ole mass'r on de stoop in his big rockin' cheer,
 An' ole missus wid a kind word for all;
 While de cabins of de niggers had plenty hoe cake
 An' de bes' kind o' bacon in de fall.

Chorus—

Oh! whar am gone dem good ole days, etc.
 Dar was heaps to do but de days was long,
 An' we hadn't any whip fur to fear;
 An' each nigger he was ready at de brake ob day
 Far de horn ob de pushin' oberseer.

Chorus—

Oh! whar' am gone dem good ole days, etc.
 But de days am fled—dey'll neber return,
 No, we neber shall see dem any mo';
 'Till de angels gibs de word an' we all step away
 Fur de hills on dat Heaven-blessed sho'.

Chorus—

Oh! whar am gone dem good ole days, etc.

During the singing of this song Elder Toots, Rainbow Cooper, Giveadam Jones and other old veterans broke down and wept like children, and Samuel Shin, Strychnine Thomas, Mulberry Turner and other young men stuck their heads out of the windows to hide their tear-dimmed eyes.—*Detroit Free Press*.

JUST AS WELL AS NOT.

One day last week a collector who had spent six long months in trying to effect a settlement with a debtor who was owing fifty dollars, accomplished his object by taking a note of hand run-

ning thirty days. Three or four days afterwards he met the maker of the note and said:

"Well, I got rid of that note of yours yesterday."

"Did you?" was the pleased reply.

"Yes, but I had to give an awful discount. In fact, I sold it for five dollars."

"Is that possible? Well, now, I'm real sorry about that. If I had only known how my paper stood on the market I could have fixed it better for you. Let's see: If a fifty-dollar note sells for five dollars one for \$500 would sold for enough to make up your fifty. I wonder we didn't think of it and make one for \$500 while we were about it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN HUMBLE PRINTER.

A Dutchman, sitting in the door of his tavern, in the far west, is approached by a tall, thin Yankee, who is emigrating westward on foot, with a bundle hung on a cane over his shoulder.

"Vell, Mister Valking Stick, vat you vant?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Rest and refreshment," replied the printer.

"Supper and lotchin', I reckon?"

"Yes, supper and lodging, if you please."

"Pe ye a Yankee peddler, mid chewelry in your pack to cheat der gal?"

"No, sir, I'm no Yankee peddler."

"A singin' master, too lazy to vork?"

"No, sir."

"A shenteel shoemaker, vat loves to measure der gal's feet and hankles better tan to make der shoes."

"No sir, or I should have mended my own shoes."

"A book achent vot boddens der school committees till they do vot you wish, choost to get rid of you?"

"Guess again, sir; I am no book agent."

"Ter tyefuls! A dentist, preaking der people's jaw at a dollar a schnag, and runnin' off mit a daughter?"

"No, sir; I am no tooth puller."

"Phenologus, den; feeling der young folk's heads like so many cabbitch?"

"No; I am no phrenologist."

"Vell, den, vat ter tyefels can you be? Choost tell, von shall have the best sassage for supper, and sday oll night, free gratis, mitout a cent, and a chill of whisky to start out mit in de morn'."

"I am an humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art that preserves all arts—a typographer, at your service."

"Votsch dot?"

"A printer, sir; a man that prints books and newspapers."

"A man vot printsch noosepapers! Oh, yaw, yaw! ay, dat ish it. A man vot printsch noosepapers! yaw! yaw! Valk up! A man vot printsch noosepapers! I vish I may be shot if I did not tink you vas a poor tyeful of a dishtrick schoolmaster who works for nodding, and boards round. I tought you vas him."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

CHAPTER ON BALD HEADS.

A bald-headed man is refined, and he always shows his skull-sure.

It has never been decided what causes bald heads, but most people think it is dan'd rough.

A good novel for bald heads to read—"The Lost Heir."

What does a bald-headed man say to his comb? We meet to part no more.

Motto for a bald head—Bare and furbare.

However high a position a bald-headed man holds, he will never comb down in the world.

The bald-headed man never dyes.

Advice to bald headers—Join the Indians, who are the only successful hair raisers.

What does every bald-headed man put on his head? His hat.

You never saw a bald-headed man with a low forehead.

Shakespeare says—There is a divinity that shapes our ends.

Bald men are the coolest-headed men in the world.—*Boston Transcript.*

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

A couple of aged respectable old-fashioned darkies were standing on the corner of Market and Tremont streets when a dandified

young darkey, with a plug hat and a cane happened to pass. One of the old darkies said: "Thar goes de only rale honest niggah on the island."

The light mahogany-colored youth overheard the remark, and he came back with an enchanting grin on his face.

"How you do, uncle Mose? Powerful glad to see you lookin' so well."

The old darky did not respond very cheerfully, but they shook hands.

"I just overhard dat ar cbservashun you made. I knowed right off what yer mind was running on. Does you remember dat ar night, about twelve o'clock, when I met you in yer back yard, near de hen coop, and I tole you I had come to warn you dat dar was a heap chicken stealin' goin' on, and had jess climbed ober de fence to see if yer coop was locked. Dat's how you come to hab so much confidence in me."

The old darky held his head on one side and responded: "Dat's a fac. An' yer come back a secon time and lifted mos ob my firewood ober de fence inter yer own yard, whar it would be safe. You 'lowed some rascally niggah might walk off wid it when I wasn't watchin'."

"Uncle Mose, you knowed I wasn't tryin to steal yer wood. I'se got too much respec for an ole Virginny gemman to do dat ar."

"I knows it, Jake," responded old Mose, "I allers 'lowed dat you is de only reliable young darky in Galveston. You jess take as good keer ob anybody else's truck as if it was yer own."

"Uncle Mose, you's got puffec confidence in my integritum?"

"Hain't I done tole yer so?"

"But I want yer to prove it."

"How is I gwine for to do it?"

"Loan me a dollar to go to Houston to de picnic. I am gwine to pay yer as soon as I get back."

"Lor, niggah, ain't you nebber gwine to learn to take a joke?"

—Galveston News.

THE GOOD AND BAD LITTLE BOY.

Come, boys, I will tell you a sto-ry. How your eyes dance!

You love to hear me talk. You are good boys. Well, I will tell you a story a-bout George and James. They both wanted an ap-ple. So James got up one dark night. He left his nice, warm bed. He went to Farmer Jones's orchard. He stole his apples. James was a ver-y bad boy. I see by your bright faces that you think so, too. James did not fall and break his neck when he slid down the spout; a great stone did not fall on him when he climbed over Far-mer Jones's wall; Farmer Jones's great dog did not seize James in his cru-el jaws and hold him till the far-mer came out; and the far-mer did not come out and talk to James of the sin of stea-ling ap-ples while the dog chewed James's leg and then horse-whip him af-ter-ward; and the ap-ples did not make James sick, and he did not pine a-way on a sick bed, and he was not laid away in the cold ground the next Sun-day; and he did not give the min-is-ter a chance to preach on the sin of steal-ing ap-ples. No; James was a bad boy. He slid down the spout with-out so much as blis-ter-ing his hands; he jumped over old Jones's wall (that was the way the bad boys spoke of the good man), and when the dog came he locked him in to the sta-ble. He filled him-self full of ap-ples; he filled his pockets and his hat, also. Then he went home and slept like a log. The good George would not do such a thing. Oh, no; he asked his pa-pa for some ap-ples, and his dear pa-pa bought him a cent's worth of worm-y ones; the good George only eat one, That night he dreamed he was a crook-neck squash; he thought the cir-cus pro-ces-sion, with all the elephants, was walk-ing o-ver his ab-do-men. He lay in bed one week, and read nice lit-tle books a-bout nice lit-tle boys who never could have lived and lit-tle girls that no-bod-y wants to see. The moral of this sto-ry, boys, is this: Once in a great while a bad boy has an un-ac-count-a-ble run of good luck, and a good boy *vi-ce ver-sa*. —*Boston Transcript*.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION.

This is little Johnny's composition on the "Roil Bengol Tagger." "One time there was a man which had a tagger, and the tagger it was a sho and the man he tuk the money fur to get in. The man he had a big paper nailed onto the tagger's den, and

the paper it said, the paper did: 'The Roil Bengal Tagger, sometimes called the Monnerk of the Jungle. Hands of. No Techin' the Tagger!' The monnerk of the jungle it was always a-layin' down with its nose between its poz, and the folks which had paid for to get in they was mad cos it wuden't wock and rore like distant thunder. But the sho' man he said: 'That's ol rite when I get the new cage done, but this is the same cage which the offle feller broke out in Oregon, time he et up them seventeen men and their families.' Then the folks thay wud ol stand back and tock in whispers while the tagger slept. But one day a feller which was drunk he take so punchen the tagger with the mast hed of his umbreller, which stampeded the oddience wild, and the wimmin folks they stud into chairs and hollered like it was a mouse, but the drunk chap he kep a jobbin the monnerk of the jungle crewel. Pretty sune the monnerk it bellerd offle and riggled, but the feller kep a pokin like he was fireman to a steam engin. Bymeby the monnerk it jumped onto its hine feets and shucked itself out of its skin and roled up its sleeves and spit onto its hands and spoke up and said: 'I behang if I cant jest wollip the peagreen stuffin out the gum dasted galoot which has been a proddin this ere tagger.' And the oddience they was a stonished."

DOING HER BEST.

A party of Detroiters who were fishing for brook trout on the Boyne River, and camping on its banks, ran out of supplies, and an envoy was sent out to beg, buy or borrow something until an order sent to Traverse City could be filled. After a walk of two miles he reached a log house in the woods. A woman, five children, three dogs and a family of tame coons occupied the one single room in the house. The furniture was all home-made, the tableware consisted entirely of tin dishes, and only one bed was visible. The envoy stated his errand, and the woman replied:

"Flour! I reckon we ran out o' flour yesterday, and we won't have any more till next week."

"Can you spare any coffee?"

"I guess not. The last coffee we had run out on Christmas. If we git any next week I'll spare some."

"How about ten?"

"Well, tea has been purty skeerce with us for the last two months, but Ben said he thought of gittin' some 'long this fall. If you are around here when our tea comes, we'll divide with you."

"You haven't any potatoes to spare, have you?"

"Well, now, you ought to have been here last week for the 'taters. I cooked the last Sunday. These'er dogs and children sot a heap by cold 'taters, and they go off like hot cakes. Ben is going to git some more 'long about Saturday."

"Haven't you any provisions at all which you can spare?" asked the discouraged envoy.

"Well, now, I don't believe we have, but we are goin' to stock up in long in the fall. I was telling Ben only last night that I'd got kinder tired of scroochin' along on Injun and 'lasses."

"I'll buy some of that if you can spare it, for we haven't a bite of anything in the camp."

"No, I can't sell any. Fact is, we had the last for breakfast, and Ben won't get any more till Saturday night."

"I'm sorry," sighed the man as he turned away.

"Yes, so'm I," she sighed in return. "I seed your party down thar in camp t'other day, and you look like honest folks. I'd be glad to spare you somethin' but I can't. If you men want to move yer camp up here and enjoy our society and use our smudge to drive away skeeters, we'll do our best to make it pleasant; but when you come down to fodder we hain't nowhar'. I was telling Ben only last night that we'd be lucky if we got these dogs and coons through another winter."—*Detroit Free Press*.

MORE WIFE THAN COUNTRY.

The other night, soon after a ward meeting had opened, one of the electors present began edging for the door as if he meant to leave the place. He was soon stopped by a friend, who said:

"Don't leave us now, I want you to hear what that speaker is saying. Hear that! He says we must triumph or the country is doomed."

"Yes, I know, but I've got to edge along towards home." was the reply.

"Home! Great heavens, how can you talk of going home until he has finished that speech! There he goes again! He asks if

you want to see grass growing in the streets of our cities—our fertile farms returned to the wilderness—our families crowding the poor houses until there is no longer room to receive another!"

"No, I don't know as I would, but I guess I'll sort o' work my way out."

"Wait fifteen minutes—ten—five—wait until he finishes. There it is again! He asks whether you are a freeman or a slave? He wants to know if you have forgotten the patriotic principles defended by the blood of your grandsires—if you have forgotten the sounds of liberty bell!"

"I don't know as I have, but I must go—really I must."

"Hear that—hear that! He says your country will bless you."

"I can't say as to that," replied the man as he crowded along; "but I'm dead sure that the old woman will if I don't git home in time to put this codfish to soak for breakfast?"

"Great guns! but do you prefer codfish to liberty?" exclaimed the other.

"I don't know as I do, but I git more of it."

"And you will see this country ruined—see her go to destruction?"

"I'd be kinder sorry to see her go down hill," slowly observed the delinquent as he reached the door. "but if you had a wife who could begin jawing at 10 o'clock and not lose a minute until daylight, and then end up with a grand smash of crockery and a fit of hysterics, you'd kinder stand off as I do and let this glorious old Republic squeeze through some mighty fine knotholes."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE GAY DECEIVER.

"I don't want to make any trouble, but there is one man in this city who ought to be gibbeted!" begun a blunt spoken woman of forty-five, as she stood before the officers of the Twentieth street station a day or two ago. When they inquired for particulars, she handed out a letter and said. "Observe the envelope. That letter is addressed to me. You will see that the writer calls me his jessamine, and he wants me to set an early day for the wedding." When the captain had finished the letter, she was ready with another, adding: "And this is addressed to

my daughter Lucretia. You will see that he calls her his rosy angel, and he says he can't live if she doesn't marry him. It's the same man." So it was, and his letter was as tender as spring chicken. That finished, she handed out a third with the remark: "This is directed to my daughter Helen. It's the very same man, and in it he calls her his pansy, and he says he dreams of her." "Why, he has seemed to love the whole family," remarked the captain. "That's just it. I'm a widow with two daughters, and he was courting us all at once, and engaged to the three of us at the same time. Oh! what wretches there are in this world!" "Yes, indeed. It's lucky you found him out." "Yes, it is. If I hadn't he might have married the whole caboodle of us. If Lucretia had't opened one of my letters and if I hadn't searched the girls' pockets while they were asleep, we'd have thought him an innocent lamb." "And do you want him arrested?" "No, I guess not, but I want this matter to go into the papers as a warning to other women. Just think of his sitting up with me Sunday night, Lucretia on Wednesday night and Helen on Friday night, and calling each one of us his climbing rose! Oh, sir, the women ought to know what a deceiving animal man is!" "Yes, he's pretty tough!" "It has learned me a lesson," she said, as she was ready to go. "The next man that comes sparking around my house has got to come right out and say which he's after. If it's the girls I won't say nothing, and if it's me it won't do 'em a bit of good to slam things around and twit me of burying two husbands!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"SHUST LIKE VANDERBILT."

A patrolman in the eastern part of the city was the other day called into a grocery kept by a German to see if he couldn't do something towards aiding the grocer to collect an account against a party who had skipped out.

"You see, I tells you all how it vhas," began the grocer, "dot mons come here and says he vphants a leedle gredit, pecause he vorks on der railroad und dey doan' pay him off right away. Dot vhas all right, und I drusted him apout forty tollar. Den I hants to shut off on him, but he prings along a man who says

to me, 'Hans, dis ish all right. Dis mans am a regular Wanderbilt, only he doan' git his money yet."

"So dot vas all right, und I gif him gredit som more until he owes me ninety tollar. Den my hair pigins to shtand oup, und I dells him I must haf my cash. He pats me on der pack like dis und says:

"'Hans, dis ish all right, I am shust like Wanderbilt, and you shall pe baid next week.'

"Vhell, when next week comes aroundt I had gone to Canada, und I lose oaser a hundred tollar. He said he vhas shust like Wanderbilt, but I doan' know Wanderbilt. When der poys say Wanderbilt, ish it a shoke like pull down your west und hardly effer who struck Pilly Batterson?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHY SHE KNEW.

The other day there was a suit in Justice alley between two Wayne County farmers regarding the ownership of fourteen unmarked grain bags. Each side was prepared to stoutly swear that the bags were his, and each had witnesses to back his testimony. The complainant swore to buying the bags at a certain store on a certain time, and his hired man swore to handling them as they were taken from the wagon. The defendant swore that he purchased them at a certain place on a certain time, and his wife was called to the stand to tell what she knew about it. She was a large, fleshy woman, and very much bewildered.

"Land save me! but I never was in such a crowd before, and I feel as if I should faint!" she gasped as she took the witness stand.

"Never mind fainting, Mrs. X," said the lawyer. "Tell the jury what you know about those bags."

"Oh! land! but I know all about 'em! We bought 'em on the 10th of November."

"How are you sure it was the 10th?"

"Sakes alive! but I know it was, for I boxed Melissa's ears on that morning for leaving a spoon in the dish-water, and she was married on the 15th."

"Who asked for the bags at the store?"

"Oh! stars and garters! but I did. I remember it as plain as day."

"What did the clerk say?"

"Oh! stars! but he said, 'certainly,' and he went and got 'em."

"What else do you remember?"

"Oh! lands! but I wanted a calico dress!"

"And you didn't get it?"

"Bless granny! I didn't, and we jawed all the way home."

"And now why are you positive that these are the bags?"

"Oh! dear, oh! but while we were jawing I threw 'em out into the road. Some one lend me a fan, for I'm most dead!"

"Never mind being most dead, Mrs. X. What else about the bags."

"My husband boxed my ears for throwing 'em out. Oh! stars! I didn't mean to tell that!"

"He did, eh? Well, what else?"

"Oh! dear! but when we got home I kicked the hired man?"

"Kicked the hired man, eh? Well, how can you be positive that these are the bags?"

"Great snakes! aren't you done yet! Yes, I am positive."

"How can you be?"

"I don't want to tell."

"But you must."

"Well, if I must I must, though I'm sure I shall faint away. That night I boxed Melissa again."

"Yes."

"And husband boxed me."

"Yes."

"And we both boxed the hired man, and we were all so mad we sot up all night in our cheers and have had chill-blains and catarrh ever since! Do you suppose we'd have made fools of ourselves over fourteen grain-bags belonging to a man living three miles away?"

That settled the case with the jury, and the verdict was in favor of the defendant.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"TO RENT."

Yesterday morning a card of "To rent" was nailed to a house on Brush street. It was a large card, and the printing was plain. A bold line at the bottom said that the people should inquire next

door, and pretty soon the calls commenced. The first man who came began :

"Is the house next door to rent?"

"Yes."

"Then it is not for sale?"

"No sir."

"Isn't, eh? I thought it was for sale," he said, as he went away.

The next man stood looking at the card for a full five minutes, and then called next door and said:

"I s'pose that house is empty, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then it is to rent?"

"Yes."

"How long has it been to rent?"

"Only one day."

"How long will it be to rent?"

"Can't tell."

"Well, if I can't find out anything about it here, I'll go to the owner. I s'pose he's in Europe, isn't he?"

"No; he's in New York."

"Ah! that's always the way. Well, if I conclude to take the house, I'll call around again."

The third caller was a lady. She looked in to the empty house and then called next door and said:

"I see that you have a house to rent?"

"Yes."

"Will it be painted this spring?"

"Yes."

"Was the last family very respectable?"

"Yes."

"Has it ever been a boarding house?"

"No."

"It has a cellar and hot and cold water?"

"Yes."

"And folding doors and grates?"

"Yes."

"Well, we have had some thoughts of moving this spring. I don't much think we shall, but if we do, and this house is to rent when we get ready, I'll look through it."

The fourth caller was also a lady. She looked in at all the

windows, entered the back yard and called next door and asked :

"Can you tell me if this darling little house is to rent?"

"It is."

"It is the sweetest little place in all Detroit, and I know that a family would be happy in it. It reminded me of a romantic little house in the outskirts of Paris. How much is the rent?"

"Eighteen dollars per month."

"Eighteen dollars! That's highway robbery! Why, it's a squatty little pig-pen, no sun, no air, and as gloomy as a prison! You must be crazy! Do you think war times have come again? That's all I want to know. I didn't care about changing, anyhow, but being out for a walk and seeing the card up I thought I might as well inquire."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"RATHER ACCORDING."

A pretty solid looking chunk of a colored man bought a water-melon on the market yesterday afternoon and betook himself to the stoneyard opposite to devour it. Seated on a big stone he had cut the melon in two, and was about to begin active hostilities when a bootblack came skulking up and asked :

"Say, can't yer sorter divide with a poor boy?"

"No, Sah!" was the emphatic reply.

"Can't yer give me one slice!" continued the lad after a pause.

"No, sah I can't. Jist see de size of dis nellyon an' den look at 'em. Dar' won't be a mouffall to spar, an' you needn't hang 'round 'em no longer."

"Won't you even give me the seeds?" persisted the boy.

The man laid down the half he had taken up, turned around to the lad, and slowly answered:

"I can't say 'bout dat. It'll be rather accordin' to how fast I fill up on de rest of it!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

"NO FOOLING."

The other day a Detroit lawyer had a call to go into the country a few miles to attend a case on trial before a country

'squire and while jogging leisurely along in his buggy, he saw a man running across the fields at the top of his speed. Directly behind him, and armed with a stout stick, was a woman, and it was a nip-and-tuck race to the fence. The man reached it first, however, and as he dropped on the highway-side he called out to the lawyer:

"Stranger, for Heaven's sake give me a lift down the road for half a mile!"

"What's the trouble here?" asked the lawyer.

"Wife and I have had another falling out!" was the reply, as the man rolled down a steep bank to the buggy.

The woman at this moment reached the fence, and as she was climbing over, the lawyer inquired of the husband:

"Are you fooling or in earnest?"

"If you think I'm fooling just wait a second!" gasped the woman, as she plunged down the bank, rolled over and over in the road, and rose up with a big stone in each hand.

"Squat!" yelled the husband, as he circled around the horse, but the lawyer wasn't quick enough. One of the stones hit him in the back, and the other grazed his ear and hit the horse, and five or six more were coming as he struck a trot and moved off, the husband hanging to the vehicle and running behind. When a safe distance away the lawyer halted and looked back. The woman stood in the middle of the road shaking both fists at him, and the husband wiped the beads of perspiration off his cheeks and chin and said:

"Stranger, Hanner and me never have any fooling. she's good natured I git one shirt a week and two meals a day. When she's mad one of us has got to light out, and I wish next time you come this way you'd tell me if there is anybody in Detroit who can make me a pair of wings."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A STRONG CASE.

A Detroit lawyer had a bill of \$240 against a certain citizen put into his hands for collection the other day, and he wrote a note asking the debtor to call at his office and see about it. The man promptly appeared, looked the bill over, and said:

"Well, I guess that's all correct."

"You acknowledge the indebtedness, do you?"

"I do."

"And what arrangements will you make to settle it?"

"I'll put in an offset. I've been feeding two hogs for this man all winter, and my bill is just \$240. I was figuring it up this very morning."

"What \$240 for feeding two hogs for three or four months?" exclaimed the astonished lawyer.

"Just four months, sir, and the bill is correct."

"And what are the hogs worth to-day?"

"Ten dollars apiece."

"Well, you'll find it hard to convince the court that your hog-feed was worth any such money."

"Hog-feed!" shrieked the other, as he suddenly jumped up, "do you suppose I'm charging \$240 for the feed them hogs devoured? No, sir. I put in the feed at only \$40, but the \$200 is for my Sunday hat, which fell into the pen and was gobbled down, and for my anxiety of mind for fear the porkers would catch the mumps from my children. Mental anguish is the backbone of this case, sir, and every one of my family will be seated in a row before the jury, and all will begin to weep as I rise to ask that justice be done a man who lost as fine a cow as you ever saw nine years ago this spring."—*Detroit Free Press*.

NOT HIS FORTE.

It was only a few days ago that a poorly clad boy, with an enterprising expression of countenance and a lot of picture frames under his arm, rang the bell at a fashionable house on East Broadway. The lady of the house appeared, and he mentioned that now was the golden opportunity to secure a picture frame for half a dollar. She said in effect that she was not investing in that class of "futures," just then, and was about to close the door, when the boy broke loose: "Please ma'am, buy one of them frames. My father is one of the richest merchants in New York, and owns three or four steamship lines. My brother has his shirt fastened on to a real diamond breast pin as big as a hen egg."

The lady looked at him as if she was uncertain whether to faint or only to scream.

The boy ran his sleeveless arm through a hole in his hat, and again proceeded to address the chair.

"Yes, ma'am, it's all so, and that ain't half of the gorgeousness. My sister is married to man who lives in a house six stories high, and her baby, named after me, has to have three policemen to watch it, for there are never less than \$150,000 worth of diamonds on it. Hadn't you better take one of those pictures for half a dollar?"

"Look here, boy," she said, her eyes flashing, "if you don't gallop out through that gate, you'll have me helping you."

He went out whistling. Then he walked up and down on the sidewalk like Hamlet. "Here it is again. At the other house I told them my widowed mother died of starvation day before yesterday, and I was selling them bones to get money to buy my little sick sister some medicine, and they set the dog on me. I've played two different tunes to them, and they haven't tumbled to either. These Galveston people are hard to suit. I reckon I had better go back and sell *Newses* on the corner."—*Galveston News*.

DEM "TORNADIES."

"I wants to fin' some white man that knows sumthin' 'bout tornadies," said an old colored man, as he sat down in Griswold street tobacco store the other day.

"Well, what do you want to know about them?" asked a smoker.

"Waal, sah, Ize hearn dat dey am caused by wind. Am dat a fack?"

"Yes, tornadoes contain more or less wind, I believe."

"Some folks say dat dey start in de woods, an' odder folks say dat dey begin in de clarin's. Kir you tell me which am de case?"

"I think they begin anywhere where it happens."

"So do I, sah. Dey is jist as likely to begin in my back yard as anywhar' else. Dat settles dat point, an' now I want to ax you 'bout de signs. How kin we tell when a tornady am comin'?"

"I don't think you can tell."

"No, sah, nor I doan' either. Some folks say dat a pusson has a roarin' in de hed 'bout an hour 'fore de tornady gits along, but I doan' believe it. If I see one comin' what am de best to do?"

"Well, I hardly know."

"Nor I doan' either, sah. Some folks say you should take de train an' git outer town, but I dunno 'bout dat. Odder folks say you should tie yerself to a lamp-post wid a clothesline, but dar ein't a post widin' half a mile o' my house."

"I think I should go down cellar."

"So should I, sah, but I haven't got any cellar. De man who ownes de house doan' seem to car' two cents if de hull o' us git blode sky-high."

"Then you might dig a hole in the yard large enough to hold the family."

"Say, dat's de ideah, suah's yer bo'n! Ize talked wid ober fifty pussons on de subject o' tornadies an' no tone o'dem ever struck da' ideah. How large hole will it take fur a fam'ly o' 'leven pussons?"

"Oh, a pretty large one."

"So it will, sah, but Ize a terror on diggin' up de sile; I'll have it all ready in less'n a week, an while de rest o' de folks in this town am bein' blode sky-high by a tornady my fam'ly will be holed up as safe as taters. One mo' queshun, sah; what sort o' shovel would you advise me to git to dig de hole?"

"I should say any sort would do."

"So should I, sah, you seem to hit it ebery time. Now, just one mo' queshun. Do you fink, from what you have seen of me, an' from de advice you has bin so kind as to offer me, dat you could lend me de money to buy de shovel?"

Further conversation was bitten square in two at that point, and it will probably never be resumed again.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"HOLLERING" IS A BIG HELP.

They were holding an out-door ward meeting the other night, and a speaker had just commenced to warm up to his work, when a stranger with all his worldly "duds" in an old sheep-skin on his back, boots gone, hat going and a dyed-in-the-wool

tramp air about him, halted on the outskirts of the crowd. The speech soon caught him, and he began to applaud. At the end of every sentence he clapped his hands and roared like a fog-horn. No matter whether the speaker "hit 'em" or not, the stranger never failed to come down with the applause, and he carried a good share of the crowd with him. After the speaker had finished, and while he was wiping his heated brow, the tramp approached him and said:

"That 'ere speech was one of the best I ever heard in all my life."

"Ah? I'm glad it pleased you."

"Pleased me! Why, it lifted me right off'n my feet! I tell you you're a born orator, and I jist wish I could stay in this town and hear you make a speech every night."

"Yes, I wish you could."

"But I can't. I am on my way west. I shall, however, think of your speech a hundred times a day. I can feel the electricity of it yet, and—my, can't you lend me half a dollar to help me on?"

"Why, I don't know you. Why should I lend you half a dollar?"

"Oh, come now—don't try to ride any high horse over me. You know how loud I hollered, and you know as well as I do that if I hadn't put in my best licks you'd have fallen as flat as a shingle! You are a great orator, sir, and that was a great speech, but if you don't know that hollering is what does the business, you'd better hang right up."

The orator pondered over the matter for a few seconds, and then probably concluded that the reasoning was sound, as he passed over the money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE WORST FIEND OUT.

A Brenham subscriber writes: "Why don't you go for the newspaper-interviewing fiend while you are about it. He is the worst fiend in the whole lot."

Is it possible that our Brenham friend means to hint that the newspaper reporter is a fiend? It is absurd to think that any intelligent man would mistake the shy and retiring reporter for

a fiend. This is not the first of April. What does the Brenham jokist mean? What does he mean by these cipher dispatches? Send us on the key, so we can find out what you are driving at.

If the reporter is a fiend, where does the material come from out of which saints and angels are made? Some commercial drummer must have palmed himself off on this Brenham orphan for a reporter, and he just swallowed it all.

A reporter has so many prominent virtues that it is hard to choose with which to begin. His great characteristic is his truthfulness. He would not state what is not so for all the wealth that is in the state treasury. Whenever you hear of a reporter committing suicide, you may put it down that somebody has falsely intimated that the sensitive reporter exaggerated. He can stand anything but that. Besides, he knows well enough that if he were to make the slightest misstatement he would be instantly discharged by the enraged proprietor. In some States, instead of swearing witnesses on the Bible, the clerk of the court uses the pocket handkerchief of some truthful reporter.

The next great virtue of the reporter is his sobriety. How often it happens that some rash man asks a newspaper man to take a drink, and is instantly torn limb from limb by the infuriated newspaper man. There are some insults too gross to be borne. Go beard the lion in his den, but never risk insulting a newspaper man by asking him to drink, unless you want your widow to fondle the money for which your life is insured. The fact that there were no strong drinks at the Houston banquet is the reason why all the country papers say that Houston has got a great future before her. That was a sharp idea on the part of the Houston people not setting out any beer. It showed that they at least knew and appreciated the newspaper man. If that Brenham man wants to be knocked down and dragged out, let him send a box of cigars to this office, or a demijohn (filled). Let him write plainly on the card "For the Sifter," and prepay the express charges. If he wants to make any foolhardy experiments let him send on his groceries.

In regard to this interviewing business, the boot is on the other leg. As soon as the reporter gets to his desk in the morning he finds a real fiend waiting for him. The fiend says "I am the Honorable So and So, and I want you to bore me with an interview. I used to take the *News* five years before it was first started. Just bother me nearly to death with all manner

of impertinent questions about state politics so as to bring me prominently before the public as a candidate for some fat office." The reporter tries to escape, but the fiend seizes him by the coat tails and holds on saying: "Before I let you go I must be subjected to the torture of a tedious interview, but I will try and submit to it with as good grace as I can. It's no use for you to try to get away, for I am determined to be bored to death."

The reporter says "come some other time, when you are not so busy. I don't want to worry you now."

"No," responds the fiend, "I am prepared to sacrifice my time to help your paper out."

At last the newspaper man gives up, and proceeds to pester the poor devil with his questions.

This is probably the newspaper interviewing fiend our Brenham friend wants written up.—*Galveston News*.

A NEW YORK ORPHAN.

One of the little lambs picked up in the streets of New York by Whitelaw Reid, and sent West to find a home, was adopted by a Detroit family about two months ago, and ere this is published Mr. Reid has received a big postal card, announcing that his dear lamb had gone West to fight the Indians, and that he needn't mind about sending on another to take his place.

This New York lamb was 13 years old. He said so at the depot on his arrival, and half an hour later he reiterated the statement at the house, and added:

"And if you don't believe it, then call me a liar! That's the sort of a spring-gun I am, and don't you forget it!"

They didn't forget it. He gave them no chance to. He ate with his fingers, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and gave the family to understand before supper was over that he didn't come West to have his hair combed or his face washed as a regular business. On his first evening he slipped out, had three fights and stole a dog, and when hunted up he was about to take his beer in a saloon.

The family expected to wrestle with the boy for a while, and they didn't sit down on him until it became a painful necessity. During his first week he stole \$3 in money, a gold chain, a revol-

ver and a pair of earrings, and he got drunk twice. When reasoned with and asked to do better, he took a fresh chew of plug tobacco and replied:

"Oh, you Michigan folks are too soft. If a feller can't have a good time what's the use of being an orphan?"

On Monday of the second week he sold the family dog to a stranger for a quarter, threw the saw and axe into the alley, and when locked up in a closet he tore a Sunday coat to pieces. It was thought best to have a policeman to talk to him, and one was called in. He put on his fiercest look, and lectured the lamb for fifteen minutes, but as soon as he stopped for breath the young sinner replied:

"Now, see here, old buttons, you are wasting time. I know my little gait, I do, and if you think I've come to a village like this to be bluffed by anybody, you've missed your train."

He was taken to Sunday School by the hand. He hadn't been there half an hour when he was taken out by the collar. He seemed anxious to punch the head of every good little boy within half a mile of him, and he told the teacher of his class that when she could stuff Moses in the bullrushes down him it would be after she had bleached out her freckles. They gave him a Sunday school book to fit his case, but he fitted it to a crack in the sidewalk on his way home.

When moral suasion had no effect on the wicked youth, his guardian tried the rod. He was bigger than the boy, and he out walloped him, but within three hours two of the nuts were taken off his buggy and thrown away. There was a second seance in the wood shed, and before dark, a window glass worth \$8 was broken.

That orpha was faithfully and duly and persistently wrestled with. He was coaxed and flattered. He was licked and reasoned with. Ambition, gratitude, fear and avarice were alike appealed to in turn, but as he was the first day so he was the last. One day recently he was told he would be sent to the Reform School at Lansing if there was any further trouble with him. That night he stole \$5 from the cook, a butcherknife from the pantry, and a pie from the sideboard, and departed the house, leaving on his bed a note reading as follows:

"This town ar' no place fur a N. York orph. I'm going out on the planes to fite injuns. It will be yuseless to follow me, fur I can't be took Alive."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BRO. GARDNER'S LIME KILN CLUB.

"De past am de past," began the old man as Trustee Pullback ceased coughing. "De Lime-Kiln Club has met, picknicked, 'lected an' dispersed, leaving the home circle to go ahead wid de active bizness fur anoder y'ar. In de y'ar to come I hope dat death may pass us by on de fur side; dat none of us will lose interest an' grow lukewarm; dat all our purceedings may be characterized by harmony an' wisdom, an' dat de organizashun may keep right on flourishin' like two green bay trees. We hev the friendship of de cull'd race an' de best wishes of de white man, an' dar am ebery reason fur us to rejoice an' feel new ambishun. Arter Pickles Smith has passed aroun' de water-pail we will purceed wid de reg'lar order of bizness."

The petitioners numbered thirty-three, being the largest number yet received at any one time in the history of the club.

Sir Isaac Walpole passed the bean-box for the last time, and the following candidates came up smiling. Col. Bagadorn, of Memphis; Hearsay Smith, of Chicago; Empire Williams, of Boston; J. Sheetiron Bennett, of Denver; Elder Whitewood, of Saginaw; Maj. Overplus Tibbitts, of Charleston, and the Hon. Conveyance Jones, of Mobile.

Brother Gardner then announced the following committees for the ensuing year:

Keeper of the Bear Trap and Sacred Relics—Sir Isaac Walpole.

Janitor—Ability Comstock.

Treasurer—Waydown Bebee.

Leader of the Orchestra—Col. Kensington Turner.

Finance Committee—Rev. Penstock, Pickles Smith and Givadam Jones.

On Visitors—Maj. Buck, Previously Smith and Whalebone Howker.

On Agriculture—Elder Shackles, Rev. Tobias and Layover Cook.

On Judiciary—Esquire Broker, Deacon Elliott and Col. Satisfaction Grimshaw.

On the Sick—Samuel Shin, Blossom Choker and Alpaca Brown.

On Astronomy—Notorious Wood and Sam Clay.

On Philosophy—Counselor Davis and Whereabouts Hastings.

OL. Harmony—Elsewhere Smith, Elder Toots and Adversity Johnson.

Sir Isaac Walpole made a very effective little speech in reply, as did several others, and it may be said of all the appointments that the right men have been secured for the right places. No worthy, active member was overlooked, and no growling and complaining was heard. No librarian was appointed at this meeting, as the present incumbent holds over until January.

Several prominent residents of Richland County united in a communication inviting the club to visit a camp meeting to be held in Mansfield from the 12th to the 24th August. The Secretary was instructed to return thanks, and to issue cards of membership to such honorary members of the club in Ohio as may desire to attend.

Brother Ezra Beholdem, an honorary member, residing at Williamsport, Pa., notified the club that an imposter, signing himself Waydown Bebee was travelling through that State as a newspaper correspondent. The Secretary was instructed to offer the usual reward of \$25 for his arrest, conviction and sentence to States Prison for fifteen years, and Brother Bebee, who was considerably excited over the news, announced that he would give the same sum from his own wallet.

Both the School of Philosophy of Concord and General Le Duc forwarded communications of the same date, inquiring what influence the watermelon had been found to exert on the feelings of members of the club. The query calling for a general discussion, the members were asked to give their views.

Sorghum Harris said that one big watermelon had cured him of consumption after the doctors had told him that he must die.

Nevertheless Brown had always noticed that whenever anybody around the market gave him a melon he had scarcely devoured it before he had an almost uncontrollable desire to go out and steal a larger and riper one. He believed that the watermelon had done more to tempt the colored race to steal than all other fruits combined.

The Rev. Penstock said that watermelon always had a soothing influence on him, and the bigger the melon the greater the sooth.

It was just the other way with Carniverous White, after eating his fill of the luscious fruit, he always felt like going in with the Mayor to break up a war caucus.

More than a score of opinions were advanced, pro and con, and the President finally closed the discussion by saying :

"De Secretary will announce to de effect dat de club am unable to agree on de pertickler effect produced on de mental an' fizical system, but it at the same time advises de public at large not to let a single mellyon go to waste in his kentry for de want of pickin' up."

The Glee Club, under its new leadership, then indulged in a ballad entitled "Left out in the Cold," the first voice of which ran as follows :

Dar was a man named Julius White,
An' a cullud man was he ;
His show for gettin' rich was good
As any show could be.

Chorus—

But instead of goin' to work—he'd growl an' cuss aroun'—an' blow about de weather—an' go fishin'—an' cuff his wife—an' kick his dog— an' so forth all de time.

The Secretary announced a communication from Obadiah Glassfoot, of New York, saying that he was an enthusiast on the subject of discovering the North Pole, and adding that he would be perfectly willing to take command of an expedition fitted out by the colored race of America, for such a purpose. He argued that the black man had never yet done anything to engrave his name on the scrolls of fame, and that this golden opportunity should not be permitted to slip away.

Immediately upon the reading of the letter Paramount Baxter arose and offered a resolution to the effect that the Lime-Kiln Club at once appoint a committee of three, with power to send for persons and papers, to discover the North Pole. The resolution was seconded by thirty voices, and there was a slight crook to the end of the President's nose as he arose and said :

"Doan' some o' you want a committee to examine de hinges on de gates of Heaben? What do you'uns down dar in de body of de hall know about the Norf Pole? De moar' we try to learn ye the less ye seem to know. Now, den, in de fust place de cull'd race of dis kentry has all it kin do to mind its fish-poles, an' bean-poles. If de white folks want to fool aroun' dat's nuffin to us. The man who raises a bushel of onions fur market, needn't be jealous of de man who diskivers de Norf Pole. Jist 'tend right to

your bizness an' git yer feet ready fur a new crop of chilblains nex' winter."

The committee on the sick reported the fact that Skarawan Boldface, a local member, had applied for relief on the grounds that he was ill in bed from having undergone a sunstroke.

"Dar am sunthin' werry sing'lar in some of dese cases of sunstroke," thoughtfully replied the President. "I have seen 'em whar' you couldn't hardly tell which struck de hardest—de sun or de whisky. Until de committee inwestigates an' makes suah if de disease isn't half sun and half whiskey no further axshun will be taken. It am now time to adjourn, an' I would caushun you all dat de sta'rs am gitten most too old for anybody to go down two steps at once. Let de tri-angle be stricken an' de meetin' be snuffed out."—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE COLOR LINE.

BY LEO C. EVANS.

Her eyes were large and luminous,
Her tresses dark as night,
Her skin, I think, you'd call brunette—
I loved her? No not quite.

Her teeth were perfect, every one
A pearl of purest white,
And faultless was this maiden's shape—
I loved her? No not quite.

Her lips were full and rosy,
Her step, graceful and light;
Perhaps you would have loved her—
I loved her? No, not quite.

She had one imperfection—
The Color's Line's in sight;
I didn't love dear Becky; 'cause
Dear Becky wasn't white.

FIFTY CENTS WORTH.

Jamie Welch, a bold teamster, living on Woodbridge street east, was sitting on his doorstep the other evening when along came a stranger who picked up something from the walk.

"Was it a hair-pin ye found at my door?" demanded Mr. Welch.

"I never lend my back for less than fifty cents," was the reply as the stranger tossed the coin in the air.

"It rolled from me pocket, and I'm much obleeged that ye found it," said Jamie as he put on a smile.

"You can't roll no fifty cent out of this chicken," was the answer as the man moved on.

Mr. Welch followed him and argued and flattered, and when that wouldn't do he put his fists at work and hammered the finder until he gave up the coin. When he returned home and told his wife she claimed half, and there was a family row which brought an officer and an arrest.

"Where's the money?" asked the court after the story had been told.

The prisoner handed it over, and after it had been inspected his Honor said:

"It's the worst counterfeit I ever saw!"

"What! is she bogus?" exclaimed Jamie.

"She are. It's more than half lead."

"And I was fool enough to have two fights and get myself run in for the sake of this old sham!" groaned the prisoner, as he flung it on the floor.

"You were, and I must punish you."

"Go ahead, Judge, I'm deserving of all you can pile on. I'm the biggest fool in America, and I might as well be in prison as out?"

"I'll say \$10 or sixty days."

"That's little enough. Is the performance over?"

"It is."

"So am I. I've no money, and so I shall go up. If my wife comes crying around tell her I've hired out to a circus as the big fool, and that I won't be home for two months."—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHATS WITH OLD FRIENDS.

BY LEO. C. EVANS.

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."—*Earl of Chesterfield*.

You are right, Chesterfield, old boy; that is particularly true of sleeping.

"Style is the dress of thoughts."—*Ibid*.

Here, here, Chesterfield! What about a high hat on a young head?

"Knowledge is power."—*Lord Bacon*.

That is "taffy," my lord, taffy. Any hod-carrier will tell you so

"Reading maketh a full man."—*Ibid*.

More taffy, my lord. Drinking maketh a "full" man.

"Nay then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables."—*Shakespeare*.

Sealskin, William; sealskin is the correct thing.—*Norristown Herald*.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

The last census shows that Rhode Island is entitled to another Alderman in both wards.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Recorder (to witness with bandaged head)—Did he have any provocation when he struck you? Witness—He may have had something of the kind concayled on his person, but it was a brick he struck me wid.

An exchange says that a ton of gold is worth only about half a million dollars. We give this for what it is worth; our time has been so taken up with politics, and somebody has hidden away the scales.—*Boston Transcript*.

A New York stonecutter received the following epitaph from a German, to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife: "Mine vife Susan is dead, if she had lived till nex' Friday she'd been dead shust two veeks. As a tree falls so must it stan'."

An Hungarian exhibited in a phrenological museum two skulls of different proportions. "Whose is the large skull?" asked a spectator. "It belongs to the celebrated Attila, King of the Huns." "And the small one?" "Also to Attila, but when he was a child."

There was an elephant that had been trained to play the piano with its trunk in a show. One day a new piano was bought for it, but no sooner had the elephant touched the keys than it burst into a flood of tears. "What ails you, Kioumi?" asked its keeper. The poor beast could only point to the ivory keys. Alas! they were made of the tusks of his mother.

"Your house is a perfect conservatory, Oldboy," admiringly remarked his friend, gazing at the beautiful windows, crowded with blooming plants. "Ah, yes," replied Oldboy, nervously glancing at a woman with her head swathed in a dust-cap, just coming from a step-ladder to fondle the bird dog with a mop-stick. "Oh, yes; it's a regular hothouse."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Leadville newspaper remarks: When they had finished the lunch they asked the price. The man in attendance said: "One piece of pie, fifty cents; one cup of coffee, twenty-five cents—seventy-five cents each." One of the party grumbled a little about the price, whereupon the old man behind the counter straightened himself up, folded his arms in a dignified manner and said: "Stranger, look at me; do you suppose I am staying out here for my health?"

"A corner room, shady all day," was one of the demands that a modest guest made of Penrose, the clerk at the——— the other day. Said Penrose, without a smile; "Very sorry, sir, but can't accommodate you this year. We used to have rooms like that, but in order to keep them it was necessary to turn the whole building round on a spindle, and some of our best boarders said it made them seasick. Give you a shady room sir, but not on a corner."

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge to a man on trial for murder, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" "Judge," replied the prisoner solemnly,

"judge, there has been altogether too much said already. I knew all along somebody would get hurt if these people didn't keep their mouths shut. It might as well be me, perhaps, as anybody else. Drive on judge, and give us as little sentiment as you can get along on. I can stand hanging, but I hate gush!"
—*Boston Transcript.*

Judge—What is your name? Witness—Mosesh Lazarus. Judge—Where do you live? Witness—Mine residensh ish in Chatham street. Judge—What is your occupation? Witness—I vas in the try coods peeziiness, sekent hant clo's. Judge—What is your religion? Witness—Now, Chudge! I say my narre is Mosesh Lazarus—that I live in Chatham street, where I sellsh old clo's ant now you vill ask me vat ish mine releegion! Don't you give it away, Chudge? I vas a Quaker!—*Harvard Lampoon.*

It was on a Sound boat, and the mate was evidently annoyed about something. "Carry it forward," he roared, "Carry it forward, you lunk-headed son of a sculpin, or I hope to be gee whizzley gaul dusted to jude if I didn't maul the dad slammed head off'n ye with a capstan bar, you hogbacked molligrubber, ye!" And the deck hand looked up in profound admiration and said: "By George, Cap., if I had your culcher, I wouldn't be a runnin' as mate for no man in these waters, I'd be a commandin' a boat of my own."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The other Sunday the superintendent of a city Sunday-school was questioning the pupils on the subject of the lesson. Among the questions asked was: "When God found out that Adam and Eve had sinned in the garden, what did he do?" A little fellow in the rear of the room was just too anxious to reply, his glistening eye and excited frame attracted the attention of the questioner, and unfortunately he was greeted with a nod indicating that he might answer. With a voice, the echoes of which could be heard far off, on the distant commons, he shouted, "Gave 'em the g. b." To most of the school this was perfectly intelligible and satisfactory, but to a few it had to be explained that it was street Arab for "grand bounce," that is, removal from the garden.—*Troy Times.*

A very fashionable lady, who fairly dotes on her children, and is very particular about their toilets, had a narrow escape last Sunday from losing one of her darlings. It was leaning out of a third story window, when it lost its balance, and in a moment more it would have been dashed to pieces on the crowded pavement below. Fortunately the mother seized it just as it was disappearing over the window sill. Claspings the saved cherub to her breathless breast, the fond mother exclaimed, as tears of gratitude flowed from her uplifted eyes, "If that child had fallen into the street with that dirty dress on, I would never, never have forgiven myself." And she proceeded to dress it up in style, so that, come what might, the family would not be disgraced.

The Demopolis (Ala.) *News* tells the following story: "Our census enumerator reports a colored woman on Martin Rice's place one hundred and fourteen years old. Seeing that the old woman was proud of her age and her recollections of antiquity, he asked her some questions touching General Washington's horse and the Revolutionary war, all of which being satisfactorily answered, he said: 'Old lady, you must have heard the Roman Empire when it fell?' 'I don't zactly member de circumstance you spoke of now, but I heard a mighty rumblin' noise de year de stars fell, and I spec it must a been dat. Things was constant fallin' that year, and if it fell in old North-Carolina you bet your bottom rag honey, I was dar.'"

A Detroit belle some time since received by express from an eastern city a very handsome looking umbrella, and she had it out the other day for the first time. Taking a Woodward avenue car for a short ride, she reached the handle of the umbrella up to pull the bell-strap when she desired to get off. As she pulled down, the umbrella began to lengthen, and her feelings may be imagined when she found the umbrella in her hands and a sword cane arrangement about two feet long dangling to the strap above her head. This new idea in umbrella-handles didn't seem to strike her favorably, and as the car halted she left both portions behind her, and seemed a good deal confused when a man called after her: "Can't never depend on them things in a row. You'd better get a derringer!"—*Exchange*.

Nobody expects that a dry goods clerk can keep his mind on every little detail of the business day in and day out without a break. That they can't do it was witnessed in a Woodward avenue store yesterday, when a woman inquired for bed-ticking.

"Certainly, three different grades," replied the clerk as he pulled down the stuff.

She gave each grade a long and close inspection, and finally said :

"Does this tan-color wear well."

"Eh? wear well!" repeated the clerk, his eyes on a customer at the other end of the store. "Yes, we warrant this piece, and you see for yourself that it is a perfect match for your complexion! How much shall I cut off?"

That clerk may never know why that customer rose with a bound and walked out doors on a bee line, but if she ever meets him at a church festival she'll do her best to make it dreary for him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

He was a brand new office boy, young, pretty-faced, with golden ringlets and blue eyes. Just such a boy as one would imagine would be taken out of his little trundle-bed in the middle of the night and transported beyond the stars. The first day he glanced over the library in the editorial room, became acquainted with everybody, knew all the printers and went home in the evening as happy and as cheery as a sunbeam. The next day he appeared, leaned out of the back window, tied the cat up by the tail in the hallway, had four fights with another boy, borrowed two dollars from an occupant of the building, saying his mother was dead, collected his two days' pay from the cashier, hit the janitor with a broomstick, pawned a coat belonging to a member of the editorial staff, wrenched the knobs off the doors, upset the ice-cooler, pried three galleys of type, and mashed his finger in the small press. On the third day a note was received saying, "My Mother do not want I to work in such a dull place. She says I Would make Good preacher. so Do I. my finger is Better; gone fishin'. Yours."

THE FIRST MAN.

Some repairs were needed to the engine when the train reached Reno, and while most of the passengers were taking a philosophical view of the delay and making themselves as comfortable as possible in the depot, in walked a native. He wasn't a native Indian, nor a native grizzly, but a native Nevadian, and he was rigged out in imperial style. He wore a bearskin coat and cap, buckskin leggings and moccasins, and in his belt was a big knife and two revolvers. There was lightning in his eye, destruction in his walk, and as he sauntered up to the red-hot stove and scattered tobacco juice over it, a dozen passengers looked pale with fear. Among the travelers was a car painter from Jersey City, and after surveying the native for a moment he coolly inquired:

"Aren't you afraid you'll fall down and hurt yourself with those weapons?"

"W--what!" gasped the native in astonishment.

"I suppose they sell such outfits as you've got on at auction out here, don't they?" continued the painter.

"W--what d'ye mean—who ar' ye?" whispered the native as he walked around the stove and put on a terrible look.

"My name is Logwood," was the calm reply, "and I mean that, if I were you, I'd crawl out of those old duds, and put on some decent clothes!"

"Don't talk that way to me, or you won't live a minit!" exclaimed the native as he hopped around. "Why, you homesick coyote, I'm Grizzly Dan, the heaviest Indian fighter in the world! I was the first white man in the Black Hills! I was the first white man among the Modocs!"

"I don't believe it!" flatly replied the painter. "You look more like the first white man down to the dinner table?"

The native drew his knife, put it back again, looked around, and then softly asked:

"Stranger, will ye come over behind the ridge and shoot slash till this thing is settled?"

"You bet, will!" replied the man from Jersey as he rose up. "Just pace right out and I'll follow."

Every man in the room jumped to his feet in wild excitement. The native started for the back door, but when he found the car painter at his heels, with a six-barreled Colt in his hand, he halted and said:

"Friend, come to think of it, I don't want to kill you and have your widow come on me for damages."

"Go right ahead—I'm not a married man," replied the painter.

"But you've got relatives, and I don't want no law suits to bother me just as spring is coming."

"I'm an orphan, without a relative in the world!" shouted the Jerseyite.

"Well, the law will bury you, and it would be a week's work to dig a grave at this season of the year. I think I'll break a rib or two for you, smash your nose, gouge out your left eye, and let it go at that."

"That suits me to a dot," said the painter.

"Gentlemen, please stand back, and some of you shut the door to the ladies' room."

"I was the first man to attack a grizzly bear with the bowie knife," remarked the native as he looked around. "I was the first man to discover silver in Nevada. I made the first scout up Powder river. I was the first man to make hunting-shirts out of the skins of Pawnee Indians. I don't want to hurt this man, as he seems kinder sad and down-hearted, but he must apologize to me."

"I won't do it!" cried the painter.

"Gentlemen, I never fight without taking off my coat, and I don't see any nail here to hang it on," said the native.

"I'll hold it—I'll hold it!" shouted a dozen voices in chorus.

"And another thing," softly continued the native, "I never fight in a hot room. I used to do it years ago, but I found it was running me into the consumption. I always do my fighting out doors now."

"I'll go out with you, you old rabbit-killer!" exclaimed the painter, who had his coat off.

"That's another deadly insult, to be wiped out in blood, and I see I must finish you. I never fight around a depot though. I go out on the prairie, where there is a chance to throw myself."

"Where's your prairie? lead the way!" howled the crowd.

"It wouldn't do you any good," replied the native, as he leaned against the wall. "I always hold a ten-dollar gold piece in my mouth when I fight, and I haven't got one to-day—in fact, dead broke."

"Here's a gold piece!" called a tall man, holding up the metal.

"I'm a thousand times obliged," mournfully replied the na-

tive shaking his head. "I never go into a fight without putting red paint on my left ear for luck; and I haven't any red paint by me, and there isn't a bit in Reno."

"Are—you—going—to—fight?" demanded the car painter, reaching out for the bear skin cap.

"I took a solemn oath when a boy never to fight without painting my left ear," protested the Indian killer, "You wouldn't want me to go back on my solemn oath, would you?"

"You're a cabbage, a squash, a pumpkin dressed up in leggings!" contemptuously remarked the car painter, as he put on his coat.

"Yes, he's a great coward," remarked several others, as they turned away.

"I'll give ten thousand dollars for ten drops of red paint!" shrieked the native. "Oh! why is that I have no red paint for my ear when here is such a chance to go in and kill!"

A big blacksmith from Illinois took him by the neck and run him out, and he was seen no more for an hour. Just before the train started, and after all the passengers had taken seats, the "first man" was seen on the platform. He had another bowie knife, and had also put a tomahawk in his belt. There was red paint on his left ear, his eyes rolled, and in a terrible voice, he called out:

"Where is that man Logwood? Let him come out here and meet his doom!"

"Is that you? Count me in!" replied the car painter, as he opened a window. He rushed from the door, leaped down and was pulling off his overcoat again, when the native began to retreat, calling out:

"I'll get my hair cut and be back here in seventeen seconds. I never fight with long hair. I promised my dying mother not to."

When the train rolled away he was seen flourishing his tomahawk around his head in the wildest manner.

HER HUSBAND'S APPAREL

Saturday forenoon a little old woman who had come to town in a one horse waggon entered a store on Woodward Avenue,

where gents' furnishing goods are sold, and asked if they kept such a thing as a man's night shirt.

"Certainly we do," was the reply, as the clerk reached for a box

"Well, my old man was traveling down in Rhode Island last fall, and he heard about 'em and saw one," she continued, "and he's been half crazy to own a couple. Things have come to a pretty pass when men have got to have one shirt for day and the other for night, but Thomas is rather childish and I thought I'd get him one."

"Most all men wear 'em now," said the clerk, as he opened the box. "What price do you want to pay?"

"Well, I dunno," she mused, as she picked up one after another and let them drop. "I didn't say I wanted one for myself, did I?"

"Why, no; of course not. These are gentlemen's night shirts, madame—three different styles."

She picked up the plainest one, shook it out, held it at arm's length, and coldly said:

"Young man, do you pretend to call this garment a night shirt for a man?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You do, eh? You stick to it that this frilling and furbelow-ing and tucking and ruffling belongs on a man's night shirt?"

"I do."

"Then you'd better go to drive a sand waggon, young man!" she snapped, as she threw the garment down. "I've worn night gowns for fifty-one years, and if the day has come when a young moonshiner like you puts on airs to tell me that I don't know what a night gown is, my old man can sleep in a harness for all the night shirt he'll ever get me to buy. Good bye, young man!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE CRUSHED SERENADER.

Young Bilkins went to serenade his girl on Van Ness avenue. The amateur orchestra, of which he is a member, had hardly squelched out the first two bars of "Come where my Love Lies

Dreaming," when the second story window went up and old Boggs, Amelia's father, stuck his head out and remarked:

"Is there no way of compromising this thing?"

"What—w—what?" gasped Bilkins.

"I say, can't we make some arrangement to get out of this matter. How does \$4 and an old gas stove strike you?"

"Why—this—this is a serenade," exclaimed Bilkins.

"Exactly: so I see. Now, suppose I were to stand the beer and car fare all round, wouldn't you go out in the suburbs somewhere and work off the rest of it in front of some deaf and dumb asylum or other?"

"Well, I'm blown!" ejaculated the crushed lover.

"I should think you would be, hitched to the end of a big trombone. Don't point it this way, for heaven's sake; it might go off."

"Come down here and say that like a man," roared the big drum, who was full of Budweiser and fury. "You bald-headed old pelican, come down."

"I—I—think we had better—better go, as it were, boys," murmured the mortified Bilkins, and the disgusted bar walked sadly off, scornfully ignoring Bogg's parting injunctions to reform and lead better lives, after the thing blew over.

A STREET CAR MYSTERY.

You may have been on a street car when a man or woman accidentally dropped a piece of money in the straw on the floor. If so, you felt an overpowering desire to help recover it. One day not long since a woman on a Woodward avenue car dropped something while paying her fare. She said it was a dime, while a small boy thought it looked like a cent, and two other passengers asserted it was a quarter. The woman had plenty of help to search for it, and the force was suddenly increased by a man who left his seat in the rear of the car, came forward and got down on his hands and knees and said:

"I always have good luck in finding lost things. Are you sure it was money?"

"Oh, yes," replied the woman.

The man poked around in the straw and suddenly held up a big jack-knife with a broken blade and asked:

"Couldn't have been this, could it? Or did you drop this afterwards?"

"I never had that—never saw it before!" she tartly answered as her face grew red.

"Didn't, eh? Well, bub, you can have it. We'll look a little further and see what we can see. Here are two pants buttons, but I don't suppose you dropped them, and I'll put them into my pocket."

"Never mind looking any more—I don't care for the loss!" she remarked as her position grew uncomfortable.

"Oh, it's no trouble to me, and it belongs to you, whatever it is. It always vexes me to,—ha! may be 'twas this."

He held up a corkscrew with the end bored deeply into a cork, and the woman fairly rose as she said:

"I never had that—never saw it before—never!"

"Didn't, eh? Well, I'll pocket it for such things come awful handy about the house. I'll look a little further."

"No, you needn't. I guess I didn't drop anything—I'm sure I didn't."

"I kinder think you did, for I heard something clink," he observed as he pawed around. "Even if it's only a cent it will be a cent ahead if we find it. Now, what's this?"

The woman almost climbed over him to get to the door and drop off, but she wasn't ten feet away when he reached the door, held up a vest-buckle between his thumb and finger and called:

"Hold on—I've found it—here it is?"

She started on a run down a side street, and when the car started up the man trampled the straw down and hung the buckle on the front door with the remark:

"It's little reward any one ever gets for doing a stranger a favor, but seeing I've got the corkscrew, I'll leave this here and she can get it or let it go into the treasury of the street car company."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HER TEA-STORE CHROMO.

A dame well along in years yesterday got into a Michigan avenue car with a pound of tea under one arm and a chromo under

the other, and she was hardly seated before a man leaned forward and asked :

" I beg pardon, but have you any objection to my inspecting that work of art ? "

She handed it over and he looked at it closely for a long time, and then said :

" How beautiful and life-like ? If I ever get rich I shall have at least three of these beautiful oil paintings. I don't want to seem impertinent, but may I ask if you purchased that beautiful masterpiece for less than \$5,000 ? "

" Y—yes," she admitted.

" Ah ! perhaps they made a discount in order to secure your patronage. Perhaps you got it for forty-five hundred. Cheap enough. I wish I had a million dollars. How I do revel in these delicious landscapes ! "

The woman looked from her tea to the picture, then at the man, and her eyes began to bulge out in astonishment.

" Yes, this is indeed a masterpiece," he sighed as he held it up. " No one but a lady of refinement and culture could have selected it. Pray, madam, let me ask if you recognized the handiwork of Gonzia de Moria in it as soon as you saw it ? "

" Oh, yes," she replied, while her eyes grew larger than ever.

" If I had \$5,000 to spare I should try and purchase it of you, but as it is, I can only wish you much joy over its possession. Had you noticed that tree in the background ? "

" Y—yes," she answered as she leaned forward.

" How wonderfully true to nature ! That knot hole there was never excelled by the hand of man. I always indentify the works of Gonzia de Moria by the knot-holes in the trees. Will you bear that in mind in your future selections ? "

" Yes, sir, and I am very much obliged."

" And in the foreground you observe a cow standing under a tree. This is a tree without any knot-hole, but what foliage ! Ah ! if I only had money—money to enable me to indulge my taste for such exquisite things ! See what a cow ! See that expression of contentment in her face ! Observe the majestic curve of those horns ! Here is the figure I was looking for. Ah ! it is a 4. This cow gives four quarts of milk per day. Gonzia de Moria always marks the quantity of milk on every cow, and customers then know what they are buying. If I should send a

friend to you to buy this picture for \$3,000—— But no ! You are able to hold it. You cannot be tempted."

" I'd sell it for "——

" For five thousand," he interrupted ; " but alas ! I cannot raise that sum ! Here in the foreground is an opening in the rocks. Do you know what is in there ? "

" No."

" A jug ! " he hoarsely whispered—" a jug containing a remedy warranted to take off moles and freckles. Try it once and be convinced."

He sank back and shut his eyes. She sat up very straight and seemed to reflect. She had moles and freckles but it was none of his business. Presently she stood up, rang the bell, mashed the chromo over his head, and walked out without a word. Everybody laughed but the man with his eyes shut. He opened them after the car started, looked down at the ruined chromo, and sadly sighed :

" Ah ! masterpiece of Gonzia de Moria, alas ! that such a fate should come upon thee — who has got any chewing tobacco in this car ! "—*Detroit Free Press*.

" THAT 'ERE TENNYSON."

" I'm kinder looking round for a book of poetry to give my daughter on New Year's," explained an oldish-looking man the other day as a clerk in a Woodward avenue book store came forward to wait on him.

" Yes, sir. Have you any choice of poets ? "

" Waal, I s'pose they are all off the same piece," replied the old man as he scanned the shelves. " I don't know much about 'em, but the gal she seems to think a heap of that 'ere chap named Tennymoon."

" Tennyson, you mean ? "

" Waal, I guess so. I hain't no hand to remember names. Do you know anything about this 'ere Tennyson ? "

" Why, he is one of the leading poets."

" Married man ? "

" Yes."

"Move around in purty good society, does he? Ever hear he wasn't exactly straight?"

"Why, Mr. Tennyson is supposed to be a gentleman," said the astonished clerk, "though, of course, I don't know anything about his private life."

"Does he use any slang words in his verses?"

"Of course not."

"Anything about girls elopin' away from home with pirates or robbers?"

"Not a word."

"The reason I'm a little partikclar," said the old man, "is because my gal is rather on the romance. She's just dying to slope off with some pirate, or be lugged off by some Injun-killer, and if that ere Tennyson is on the slope, I don't want his verses."

"Oh, you can be sure that his poems are all right. They contain nothing but the purest sentiment."

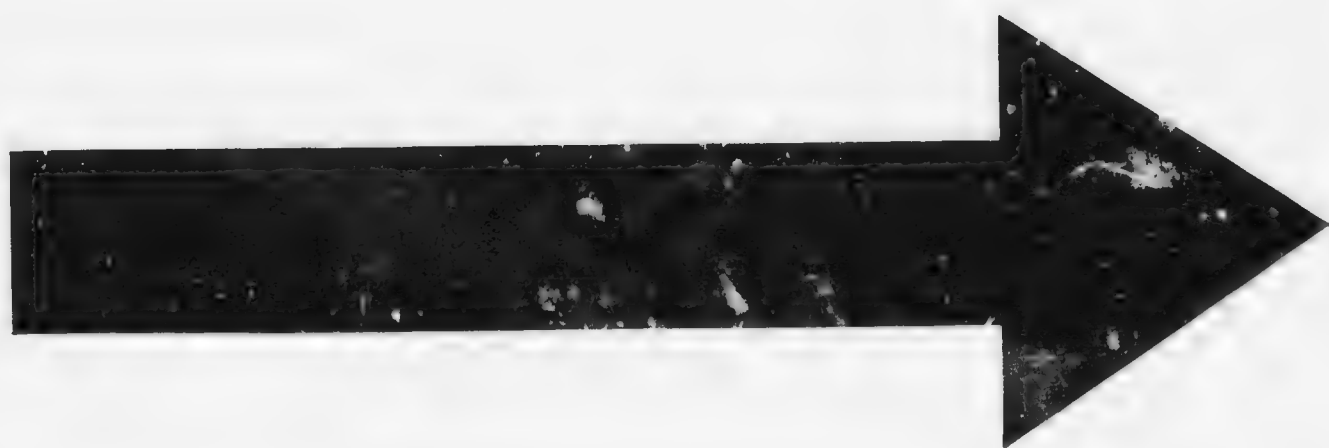
"'Nother thing is, one of the girls in our neighborhood sent off after some one's poems, and that 'ere pamphlet came nigh workin' a heap of evil. There was a song in it about a boy with a glass eye, and another about flirtin' with a feller on the corner, and I can't tell you what. 'Twasn't a week afore our Sarah begun to say she'd like to 'collar a beau,' and askin' her mother not to 'give her away,' and all such slang as that. I kept her churnin' butter from six in the mornin' till ten at night, and I guess it reformed her, but I don't wan't to set her goin' agin."

"I assure you that Tennyson's poems are all right," said the clerk.

"Wall, I'm goin' up to the market just now, but after dinner I'll call and see the book. If there's a single crooked word I won't have it, for I hain't goin' to have Sarah slidin' down from her chamber winder at midnight to meet no brigand, and if she ever tells me agin that I'm a kicker, I'll box her ears, even if she is goin' on 23!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE VALUE OF "ESQ."

The Council Bluffs *Union* says: A young man whose money did not hold out as long as the State fair, dropped into the telegraph office yesterday and sent a dispatch to his father in the in-



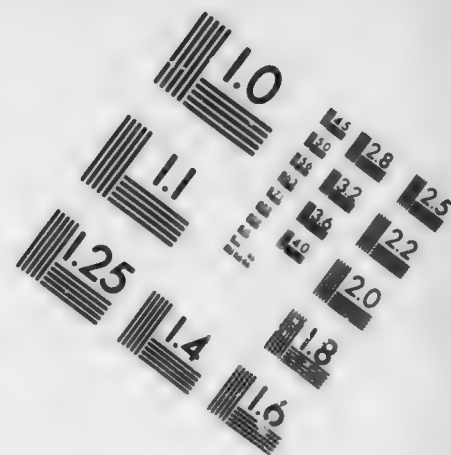
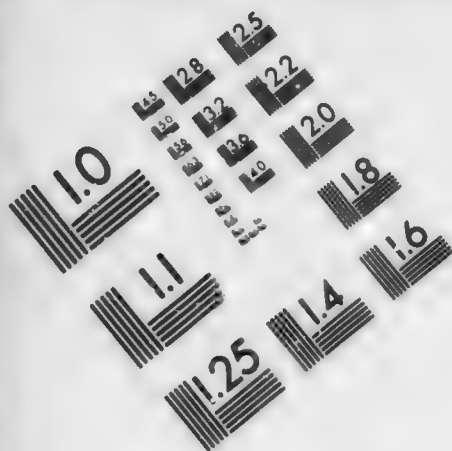
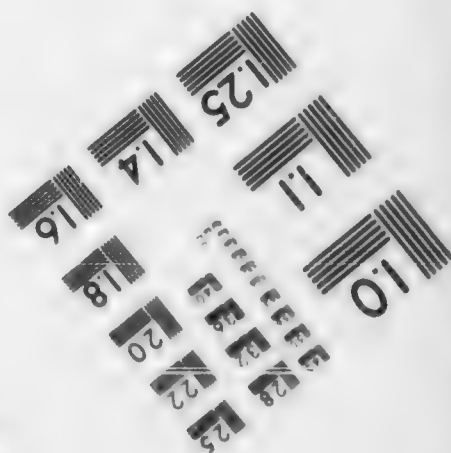
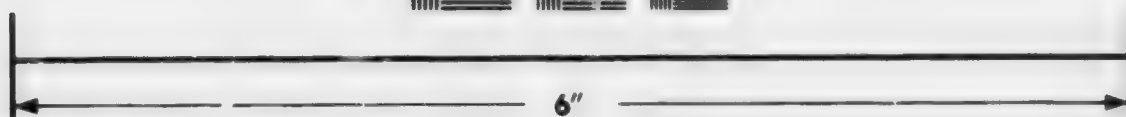
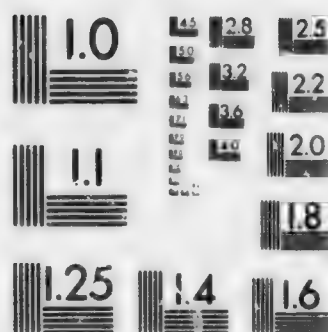


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terior to forward him cash to reach home with. When the receiving clerk saw that the despatch read, "To John Blank, Esq.," he suggested that a saving could be effected by erasing the "esq."

"Well, maybe you think so, but I don't," replied the sender. "When I am at home I call him 'dad' all day long, but when it comes down to black and white you've got to 'esquire' him right up to the nines, or walk home by the dirt road. Don't you dare leave that off—not with the roads as muddy as they are now!"

In about an hour the following answer was received:

"John Blank, Esq., forwards you \$10, and you can have more if you want it.

JOHN BLANK, Esq."

"Didn't I tell ye?" chuckled the young man as he read it. Dad's common enough when we're all at home and rushed to get fall wheat in, but the minute his back gets rested and a stranger comes along, he weighs more to the ton than any 'esq.' on legs. I tell ye, you don't know a man till ye have hoed corn with him!"

THE DISAPPOINTED PASSENGER.

"Sir," she said, and the music of her voice thrilled the car; "sir, is this seat engaged?" He looked up at the vision of glowing cheeks and laughing eyes, marble brow and clustering curls, and he relented; even the masher's heart warmed toward the lonely girl, the latest victim of his manly charms. "Oh, certainly not," and his brow was a study of grace for the steam man; "oh, certainly not; you are entirely welcome; I shall be only too happy——"

"Then," cried the charmed victim, "mother, you can sit here beside this gentleman." An old woman, seventy-three if she was a day, with no teeth and only one eye, a small box, a big band-box in a bag, a green reticule and an umbrella, two paper-bags and a piece of calamus root, tottered into the proffered seat and sat down and piled her things into the young man's lap. And the girl, the beautiful girl, went and sat down beside the passenger with the sandy goatee, who was so bashful that he couldn't and wouldn't say a word to his companion all the way to Newark, and blushed to his ears every time the fat passenger winked at him.—*Hawkeys.*

A VERY QUIET GAME.

There are some folks who think it awful wicked for husband and wife to sit down together of an evening and play cards, while others can't see where the harm comes in.

"Why," said the Colonel, a few days ago when the subject of card-playing was under discussion, "does any one pretend that my wife and I can't play a few games of euchre without disputing and arguing and getting mad over it? Loafers can't, perhaps, but we could play for a thousand years and never have a word—yes, we could."

The others shook their heads in a dubious way, and the nettled Colonel walked straight to a stationer's and bought the nicest pack he could find. That evening, when his wife was ready to sit down to fancy work, he produced the cards and said:

"May, I was told to-day that you and I couldn't play cards without disputing and getting into a row. Darling, draw up here."

"Dearest, we will not have a word of dispute—not one," she replied, as she put away her work.

The Colonel shuffled away and dealt and turned up a heart.

"I order it up," she observed, as she looked over her cards.

"I was going to take it up anyhow," growled the Colonel, as his chin fell, all his other cards being black.

"Play to that," she said, as she put down the joker.

"Who ever heard of anybody leading out in trumps!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you lead out with an ace?"

"O, I can play this hand."

"You can, eh? Well, I'll make it the sickest play you ever saw! Ha! took all the tricks, eh? Well, I thought I'd encourage you a little. Give me the cards—it's my deal."

"You dealt before."

"No, I didn't!"

"Why, yes, you did! We have only played one hand."

"Well, go ahead and deal all the time if you want to! I'll make two off your deal anyhow. What's trumps?"

She turned up a club. He had only the nine-spot, but he scratched his head, puckered his mouth and seemed to want to order it up. The bluff didn't work. She took it up and he led an ace of hearts.

"No hearts, eh!" he shouted as she trumped it. "Refusing

suit is a regular loafer's trick! I'll keep an eye on you! Yes, take it—and that—and that—and all of 'em! It's mighty queer where you got all those trumps! Stocked the cards on me, did you?"

"Now, dear, I played as fair as could be and made two, and if I make one on your deal I'll skunk you."

"I'd like to see you make one on my deal!" he puffed. I've been fooling along to encourage you, but now I'm going to beat you out of sight. Diamonds are trumps."

She passed, and he took it up on too small trumps. He took the first trick, she the next two, he the fourth; and when he put out his last trump she had the joker.

"Skunked! skunked!" she exclaimed, as she clapped her hands in glee.

"You didn't follow suit?"

"Oh, yes, I did."

"I know better! You refused spades!"

"But I hadn't any."

"You hadn't, eh? Why didn't you have any? I never saw a hand yet without at least one spade in it!"

"Why, husband, I know how to play cards."

"And don't I? Wasn't I playing euchre when you were learning to walk? I say you stocked the cards on me!"

"No, I didn't! you are a poor player; you don't know how to lead!"

"I—I— why, maybe I'm a fool, and maybe I don't know anything, and so you can play and have all trumps every time!"

He pushed back, grabbed his paper, wheeled around to the gas, and it was nearly thirty-six hours before he smiled again. Nevertheless, no one else ever had a dispute over cards.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TROUBLING A POSTMASTER.

A lantern-jawed young man stopped at the post-office last Saturday, and yelled out;

"Anything for the Wattses?"

George Poteet, our polite Postmaster, replied: "No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Watts?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ace Watts?"

"No, sir."

"Anything for Tom Watts?"

"No, nothing."

"Anything for 'Fool Joe' Watts?"

"No, nor Dick Watts, Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other Wattses, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchized or disenfranchized, naturalized or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Wattses, either individually, severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The boy looked at the Postmaster in astonishment, and said:

"Please look if there is anything for John Thomas Watts?"

—*Mexico Leader.*

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A HAPPY FAMILY.

The other evening at nine o'clock a policeman found a family of five persons and two old trunks under a shed near the foot of Second street, waiting to go up the river on a wood-barge which would not leave until the next forenoon. The man had both hands pressed to his face, the woman was wiping her eyes on a handkerchief and all the children squalling.

"What seems to be the matter?" inquired the officer as he halted among them.

"Oh, nothing much," answered the man. "I've got the jumping toothache, but it allus slacks up on me about midnight."

"What ails your wife?"

"Oh, she's kinder tired out and nervous, but as soon as she gets a good rest for her back agin the wood-pile she'll go to sleep and forget all about it. She's all right, she is."

"But the children are crying," continued the officer.

"Yaas, kinder crying," replied the man. "but that's nothing. That boy Augustus Caesar he wants a stick of gum, but he'll soon chaw himself to sleep on a sliver. The next one, Charles Henry, he's howlin' 'cause I won't buy him a rockin' horse, but soon's I get time to spank him he'll curl down and go to dreamin' of angels. That gal, Minerva, has got her mouth made up for fried-cakes and milk, but I'll give her a bite o' pork and bread from the

trunk and she'll never know the difference. We are kinder sprawled out here, and we scem to be kinder afflicted, but we are a reg'lar happy family."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE POINTS OF LAW.

"You see, boss, dar's a nigger libin' up my way who orter be taken car' of," said an old darkey to the Captain at the Central Station yesterday.

"What's he been doing now?"

"Waal, sah, las' fall I lent him an ax, an' when I wanted it back he braced right up an' tole me dat possesshun was nine pints o' law, an' refused to gib it up."

"Yes."

"Waal, the odder day I sent the ole woman ober an' she borrowed his buck-saw, an' when Julius cum for it I tole him jist like he answered me, an' stood on my dignity."

"Well?"

"I had nine points o' law, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"An' how many points am de law composed of?"

"I don't know exactly."

"Well, dat's what boddens me, fur dat nigger saw dem nine pints, shet up dis lef' eye fur me, pitched de ole woman ober a bar'l an' walked off with his saw an' my snow-shovel to boot! If I had nine pints he mus' hev had ober twenty, an' even den he didn't half let himself out?"

AN ORNAMENT TO THE PROFESSION.

A student applied the other day to one of the district courts for admission to practice, and an examination committee of one was appointed by the judge to ascertain his qualifications. The examination began with:

"Do you smoke, sir?"

"I do, sir!"

"Have you a spare cigar?"

"Yes."

"Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"

"To collect fees."

"Right; what is the second?"

"To increase the number of his clients."

"When does your position toward your client change?"

"When making a bill of costs."

"Explain."

"We are then antagonistic. I assume the character of plaintiff and he becomes the defendant."

"A suit once decided, how do you stand with the lawyer on the other side?"

"Cheek by jowl."

"Enough, sir; you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?"

"Perfectly."

"Describe it."

"It is to invite you to take a drink."

"But suppose I decline?"

Candidate scratches his head. "There is no instance of the kind on record in the books."

"You are right; and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows you have read the law attentively. Let's take the drink, and I'll sign your certificate.—*San Francisco Stock Journal.*

BURLINGTON HAWKEYE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Remember, son, that the world is older than you are by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormor windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten millions went to the funeral. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do. Remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money, and they are more stylish; your mustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better. But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on

the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copper-plate signature in six months.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF LEAP YEAR.

A Detroiter who was out in the country the other day to look at some poultry, got stuck in a mud-hole, although having a light buggy and a strong horse. He got out, took a rail off the fence, and was trying to pry the vehicle out, when along came a strapping young woman about 26 years of age. She halted, surveyed the situation, and said :

"You stand by the horse while I heave on the rail, and don't be afraid of getting mud on your hands and boots."

Their united efforts released the vehicle, and the Detroiter returned thanks and asked her to get in and ride. She hesitated, looked up and down the road, and finally said :

"Stranger, I'm blunt spoken. Who are you?"

He gave his name and residence, and she continued :

"I'm over 25, worth \$500 in cash, know all about housework, and this is leap year."

"Yes, I know, but for Heaven's sake don't ask me to marry you!" he replied as he saw the drift.

"See here," she continued, looking him square in the eye, "I'm a straight girl, wear a No. 7 shoe, and I like the looks of you."

"Yes, but don't—don't talk that way to me!"

"Stranger, it's leap year, and I'm going to pop! Will you have me or no?"

"I—I'm already married!" he faltered.

"Honest Injun?"

"Yes."

"Well, that settles me and I won't ride. I'll take a cut across the field over to Spooner's. He's got four sons and a fool nephew, and I'll begin on the old man and pop the crowd clear down to the idiot, for I've slummixed around this world just as long as I'm going to! Good-by, sir—no harm done!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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